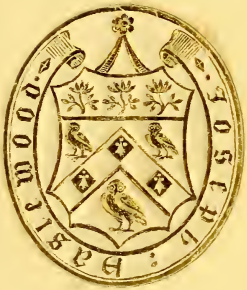
29
7



DUKE
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

Treasure Room

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Duke University Libraries

http://archive.org/details/kalendariumhuman00farl

Emblems . . o. o. –
Bindery by Lewis ay. –

The Frontiſpeece.

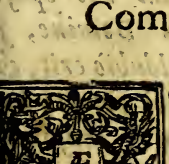
THe Sunne is glorious ſtill, and maketh day,
Where ever ſhineth his Eternall Ray;
Yet when he ſets, ſo clouds may vaile the skye,
That men may thinke him drownded to the eye.
Faire, ſtrong is Man, if one ſhould ſay, he'le dye,
Scarce can he well beleeve it, 'fore he try;
But ſeeing death in others, then he ſayes;
Surely Deaths conſtant ſtroke will end my dayes.
Spring's dainty; Summer vigorous and ſtrong;
Autumne hath plenty; Winter dyes ere long.
¶ The Sunne of Glory ſet, and then was night,
And darkeneſſe, in the true beleevers ſight;
Th' Eclipſe did paſſe, and He was ſeene, by all,
Aſcending, whether he the world doth call.
Let man behold his Saviour, he will ſay,
Welcome ſweete death, my *Ieſus* led the way.
Infants, and babes, young men, you ſtrong, and old,
Turne to the right-hand, and the Sunne behold;
For as He conquers darkeneſſe, ſo we ſhall
Triumph o're death, by Him who conquerd All.

Memento Mori.
Ver erat æterium.
Stabat mida æstas.
KALENDARIVM
HVMANÆ
VITÆ.
THE
KALENDER OF
MANS LIFE.
Authore
Roberto Farlæo.
Scoto Britanio.
Ipse iubet mortis
nas meminisse
Deus.
It was an
euerlas ting
Spring
Et spicea
serta
gerebat.
Summer
stood
naked.
Hyems canis
hirsuta
capillis.
id the barnes were full.
Winter hath gray haires.
LONDON
Printed for
William Hope,
and are to be sould
at ye unicornie neare
the Royall Ex-
change.
1638.
G. Gle.
fecit.

399166

Tr. R.
821.49
F232K

ILLVSTRISSIMO
ET
NOBILISSIMO
Domino
Dno. ROBERTO KARO,
Comiti a Summerſet, &c.



Gyptii inter primos Sapientiæ patres, ſic ſibi conſuluerunt, ut lætiſſimis ipſorum conviviis ſceleton intereſſet; Cum imperio delati ſunt mores; & Philippus qui Græcam monarchiam fundavit, voluit adoleſcentem ſe mortalitatis ſuæ admonere; ipſe Auguſtus Cæſar noluit, ſine hoc more, orbis

imperium amplecti, qui & micam, & grabatum
suum habuit.

Tibi (Nobilissime Heros) hoc mortalitati
symbolum offero; atque eò magis, quòd scian
Te verâ Nobilitate præditum, cui ipsius morti
memoria semper erit gratissima, cujus nomin
ipsa philosophia dignata est. Accipe quæso
(Nobilissime Heros) hoc qualecunque est, hu
manitatis ἑλάλον, neque enim ab hujusmodi stu
diis ipse abhorres, quùm mortis meditationi
& futuræ vitæ contemplationi, lucernæ tuæ ole
um soleas impendere: accipe inquam (verè He
ros) hanc, quâ solitus es clementiâ, animi potiu
integritatem, quam solertem exquisiti ingeni
velitationem. Meum putabam hoc opus
culum, quod mortale esset; Tu Domine,
Tuum duxeris, immortale proculdubiò erit; &
quod à meo ingenio sperare minimè potuit; ho
Tuo Genio (nobilis ingeniorum & musarum
Pater) libenter debebit. Vive, & Vale, a cuju
ore, & favore, ipsarum charitum & musarum
vitaque & valetudo dependet; Illæ jam dedis
cent Apollinem, Iovemque suum, & Græcorum
numerosos deos implorare; Deum unum, ve
rum, bonum, supplicibus votis adorabunt, ut T

Patronum

Patronum, ipso Mecænate benigniorem & tomem magis, hîcin terris, omni honore, postea in Cœlis, omni felicitate & beatitudine accumulet. Effata pronunciat

Celsitudini Tuæ ad-

dictissimus

ROBERTVS FARLÆVS.

399166

To the Author.

FAme pluckes a pinion from the wings of Time,
Dips it in nectar, graves thy mighty rime
Within her brasen sheetes, makes envy stand
(Mauger her heart) and light her duskie brand:
Whil'st she in crimson letters writes: *These, these,*
Shall be the whole worlds Ephemerides.
Did not *Urania* loose thy fetter'd minde,
Out of the clayeie prison, and resign'd
Her place to it? did not thy purer lay
Flow from the fountaine of the *Milkie way*?
Did not she dictate to thee, how to skan
These *moneths of woe*, this *Almanacke* of man?
An *Almanacke* that ne're shall b' out of date,
But last as long as time, as firme as fate.
She did, (heare, envie, heare and burst) and by
Her staffe thou took'st the height of *Poetry*:
Th' *Arcadian Shepheards* shall make thee their starre,
And place this next to *Tityrus Calander*.
Like to another *Phœbus* thou dost take
Thy *twelvemoneths* taske through lifes short *Zodiacke*:
But these are too too narrow bounds for thee,
Each moneth's an age, each age eternitie.
The names, not nature's of the moneths, I see
Described in thy cælestiall poetrie.
Fresh May and lusty Iune triumph alone
In thy warme breast, December there is none.
Envie her selfe can finde no fault but this,
Perfect thy moneths, thy globe imperfect is.
No parallell is seene in all thy sphæare,
Besides too, no Æquator doth appeare.

E. *Coleman.*

To the Author.

SOme use to flatter worth by too much Praise;
Who rather doe detract than give him Bayes,
Who merits it: And some againe betray
(Like some course Prologue to a courser Play)
The Authors Subject; both are bad: but I
Will none of both: rather I will belye
Desert, and say this Poeme speakes thee vaine:
For to speake truth, I'm angry with thy Straine;
For that it is so short: (though sweere) expect,
Ile taxe thee alwayes with that small defect.
Yet (out of Policie) perhaps thy Lyre
Thou layd'st aside so soone, least we Expire;
And the chiefe cause proceede from thence: For 'tis
Certaine, as too much griefe is mortall, so of blisse.
All I will say, is, my beleefe is such
That after-times will thanke thee for this touch:
And such my Charity, I wish it may
Out live the last, and longest Summers day,
And that this present Age, may please to give
It pleasant smiles; and helpe its Hope to live.

H. M.

TO THE COVRTEOVS READER.

The Roſes.

Rocne did flye, and Parti-colour'd *Flora*
Now felt ſoft nipping colds breath from *Auro-*
And *Phœbus*, uſherd with the cooler day, (*ra*,
Gave warning to prevent his ſcorching ray;
While I the checkerd gardens walk'd along,
Seeking refreſhment dainty flowers among,
I ſaw the fragrant herbes bending their tops,
With pearle-like dew hanging in ſilver drops;
And in the Coleworts cabbines I did ſee,
The queeres of Nectar dancing joyfully,
I ſaw the Roſe beds in their *peſtan* weeds,
Wet with the foame of *Phœbus* neighing ſteedes;
The tender buds did in their night-geare ſtand,
Of hoary pluſh, wrought by dame Natures hand,
Ready to put it off, when they did ſpy
Dayes charriter courſing along the ſky;
One might have doubt, whether the Heav'n did dye
The Roſes, or they purple-paint the skye:
The Sunne and Roſe, were in one liv'ry clad,
For they one Lady *Aphrodite* had;
Perhaps one ſmell they had, but that as higher
Evaniſh'd, this breath'd ſweetely from the brier,
How many minutes draweth forth an houre,
So many habits chang'd this curious flower;
It ſometimes nimph-like, mantled was in grence,
Wearing a cap much like the Fairy Queene:

Sometimes

Sometimes it woare a comely purple creſt,
And had its haire in anticke faſhion dreſt;
Then by and by her breſt unlac'd, to ſhew
What heavenly fragrant Nectar did thence flow;
At laſt ſh'unvail'd herſelfe, and ſhew'd her face,
To *Phœbus*, with a modeſt bluſhing grace;
Her dandling treſſes wreath'd like threds of Gold.
Scarſe without envy *Titan* could behold;
But lo dame *Natures* darling, which juſt now
Did flouriſh naked ſtands, I know not how;
Of ſo great glory then, I thought it ſtrange,
To ſee ſo ſuddaine and ſo ſad a change,
The Roſe to bud, to bloſſome in her prime,
To fade, to fall, to wither at one time;
Then for her mantle greene, a murry clout
All torne did hang her gaſtly lookes about;
The cap, the purple creſt and all was gone,
Baldneſſe her wrinckled head did ſeize upon.
O what a ſight it was to ſee her lie
Vpon her mothers lap ready to die!
Small comfort had the earth, to ſee her brood
Pluckt from her milky breaſts, and bath'd in blood;
Phœbus who riſing from the glaſſie ſtreames
Did court this Virgin with his chearefull beames,
Going to bed he ſees the naked thorne,
And cannot love her 'cauſe ſhee is forlorne.
So long as laſts a day, a Roſe may live,
That day doth kill the Roſe, which life did give:
A Virgin in the morning, and at noone
Which had her prime, becomes decrepit ſoone.
So pull the Roſe, and thinke, when thou doſt ſee
It's brittle beauty, that it points to Thee.

Farewell.

Pullulo.

I bud.

Terram fodio.

I dig the ground.

VER.

Martius sive Natalis.

Fabrica multiplicem quæ sic glomeratur in orbem,
Tam variis fœcunda bonis, tot dædala formis,
Vnda priusquam pontus erat, Terra arida centrum
Nutabatq; levi vertigine stellifer orbis;
Sordebat deforme chaos, primordia mundi
Parturiens, rerum & discordi semine prægnans:
Talis origo hominis, magni compendia mundi
Corporis exigui angusto qui limite claudit,
Empyrei scintilla priusquam vivida Cæli
Vita auget, sensu movet, aut ratione gubernat,
Ante sibi quam Elementa legant discordia sedes,
Organaque, affectusq;, animæ & parentia membra,
Ante suum referat quam Iovæ patris Imago
Ad Cœlos atque astra genus, vultumque supinet;
Putrescit genitura rudis, communia vermi
Semina sortitus, limaciſque æmula cunis:
Sed tamen hos artus, augustos fingit in artus
Cura Dei, immensum ex nihilo quæ excudit olympum.
Qualis frugiferæ concredita semina Terræ
Ceu tumulo defossa, jacent in viscere sulci;
Nascendi virtus tamen & genitabilis arvi
Natura, hyberni defendit frigoris iras,

Quadru

SPRING.

March, or Mans birth.

THis Sphere redoubling Fabricke wheeling round,
Which big with beings doth with shapes abound,
Before the Heavens did move, & Earth was stable,
Before the boundlesse Waves were Navigable,
It was a Chaos and confused masse,
herein the jarring seeds of all things was;
ch is the birth of Man, who doth comprise
he greater Fabricke in a lesser sise:
fore Heavens sacred spark, whereby he liveth
s vegetation, sense and reason giveth,
o Elements 'fore places bee assign'd,
nd qualities to Organes are confin'd,
fore *Ioves* Image from the starrie light
th claime his race, and looke with face upright,
hat is he at first but seede, whereof we see
e basest vermine take their pedegree;
t God the great Creator of all things
is vilenesse to a glorious creature brings.
Like as the Graine doth in earths fruitfull wombe,
it were dead, it selfe in dust entombe,
t by earths vertue and his seeding power
serve it selfe safe from the winters stoure;

Martius sive Natalis.

Quadrupedū donec Phryxæi cornua scandit
Phœbus & illustri radio, fotoque calore
Inque diem, & Cœli vitales elicit auras:
Talis homo cæcis uteri jacet embryon antris
Naturæ ingeniosæ opus, & compago recentis
Lactea ceu massæ teneros coalescit in artus.
Semina habent siliquas, tegitur massa inque volucris
Pellicule, cognata ipsi quæ fascia crevit.
Tum Deus inspirante animam quâ vivida sanguis
Omnia, divinæ largitur particulam aurę.
Conjugium firmat stabile hîc Hymenæus Olympi;
Nubit terra polo, decus immortale caduci
Corporis ingluviem consortem in secula ducit.
Sic ne ergo (hei miserę) impurâ cum conjuge vivet
Virgo anima, & castis contagia prendet in ulnis?
Sed benè quod furvis coeant, sine luce, tenebris,
Teda suo impuram prodat ne lumine sponsam.
Quid si animæ vox ulla foret? quem tristè queratur
Se cœlum mutasse luto, & caligine lucem,
Vel Ionæ similem, superis desedibus imum
In ceti cecidisse uterum, noctemque profundam!
Æmula Tartareo domus est habitanda barathro,
Gurgusti piceus carcer, pistrina malorum.
Cernimus hîc quoties jactari, dum impete sævo
Rumpere vallatę conatur vincula vulvę;
Sæpe etiam ingreditur mox egressura, perosus
Sic antri hospitium, sic diversoria sordent:
Cernere (pro dolor) est fœcundę viscera matris
Esse urnam fœtus, intestinumque sepulcrum.
Mitte sed infaustos casus, & respice partus
Quos natura volet, præscripta lege, labores;
Tormina, convulsique artus, trepidique dolores,
Et genuum cordisq; tremor, lamenta, duellum
Tale cient inter matrem natumque tumultus

Qua

March, or Mans birth.

Vntill like *Phryxus*, *Phœbus* ride upon
The Ramme, and more conſpicuous in his Throne,
With geniall heat, and life-begetting ray
He twiſt it forth and make it ſee the day:
So man in wombe an Embryon doth lye,
Curded like milke, and wrought miraculouſly,
Clothed like ſeede with huskes, wrapt up in bags,
Which are its native home-ſpun ſwadling rags.
Then God Almighty, who life to all things giveth,
Breaths in that Divine ſoule, whereby it liveth.
Here is a marriage made; to duſt and clay
The Heaven is wedded, ſtill with it to ſtay;
Here immortality, by Gods command,
Poore fraile mortality takes by the hand;
O what a pitty, that the Virgin ſoule
Should have a mate ſo leprous and ſo foule!
Its well in darkeneſſe they the match doe make,
For if it ſaw, the body it would forſake.
O if it could then ſpeake, what would it ſay,
That it hath come from Heaven, to dwell in clay?
Or that like *Ionas*, from the Saphire vaile
Its fallen into the belly of a Whale?
The lodging they have got is darke as hell,
But if not there, they know not where to dwell;
So oft we ſee them tumbling to and fro,
They ſhew themſelves content, but ſo and ſo:
Yea many times the ſoule ſo loaths this Inne,
It leaves it, when it ſcarce hath entred in;
And oft the bowels doe become a grave
For their owne brood, to which they lodging gave.
But take the beſt, and you your ſelfe will bliſſe,
To ſee in birth what miſery there is;
Clamorous convulſions, paine full throwes, and cries,
Sharpe ſhewes ſtrayning the backe, weakniug the thighes,

Martius sive Natalis.

Qualis avernales, vento subeunte, cavernas
Concitat, in tremulos tollens ima antra tumores.
Ergonè prænovit venturæ incommoda vitæ
Nondum natus Homo, lucemque exterritus odit?
Sic pugnans contra matrem, & molimina partus
Vipereo miseram exanimavit more parentem.
Credideris animam sordentem labe paternâ
Nolle subire diem, ne se suus inquinet error,
Ne cum damnatis exclamet forte catervis;
O utinam mihi natalis lux nulla fuisset.
Ast ubi nunc infans uterina repagula rupit,
Symbola secum adfert vitæ manifesta futuræ:
Dextram protendens, manuum mercede beatum
Se fore demonstrat; pede nudo trisle capessit
Vitæ iter, & superûm adventat peregrinus ad auras.
Utcunq; ingreditur nudus, lacrymabilis infans
Doctior ad fletum est, rudiorq; ad cætera natus.
Vagitus cudit lacrymas non verba querelæ,
Væ benè quum nequeat fari, (væ) tristus edit:
Threicio sic more, suis natalibus infans,
Sollicitat luctus, etiam sine voce, loquentes.
Omen habet vitæ partus; portendit acerbus
Hic dolor & Labor, humanos tristesq; labores.
Naturæ præscripta manet Lex; auspice luctu
Ut nascatur Homo, comitesq; hoc pergat ad Orcum.
Natura exponit nudum mors excutit, una
Excipit, & nudum proserpina manibus addit.

¶

Ergo quum partus rudimenta nostri
Inchoet damni, renovato mentem
Integram (Christe) ut videam parentis
Tecta beata.
Hunc novum partum comites sequuntur
Anxij cordis tremuli timores,

Flumina

March, or Mans birth.

Much like an Earthquakes shaking you may see,
Betwixt them such intestine warres there be.
O doth the child then know, what is this life,
Who will not enter it without such strife?
Yea oft the one so fights against the other,
That Viper-like the child doth kill the mother.
May you not thinke, the soule defild with sinne
Originall, doth to regrate begin,
And wish it may not see this life at all,
Least it should adde thereto sinne actuall,
And once perhaps, should with the wicked say,
O if it never had seene light of day.
But marke, when he is borne, how he will give
An Embleme of the life, which he must live;
Telling as't were, when he his hand puts forth,
That he must worke for what he shall be worth;
Or thrusting downe his naked foote he sayes,
That he must walke a Pilgrime all his dayes.
How e're he comes, he naked poore doth lye
And can doe nothing silly babe but cry;
He cannot speake, but yawle for greefe, and so
His rude expression cryeth (wa) for (woe)
So *Thracian*-like into this world of feares
He ushereth himselfe with many teares.
These paines of birth and woefull agony
Foretokneth our ensuing misery;
They clearely doe point forth the curse of man,
That he must live in sorrow, as he began:
His nakednesse shewes he must nothing have
Which with him he may carry to his grave.

¶

Since then my birth is of my bane
The primer, me beget againe,
Renew my spirit Lord, so with Thee
I shall thy fathers dwellings see.

This

Martius sive Natalis.

Flumina in largas lacrymas soluta, et
Turba dolorum.
Hunc susurrantis tacitum querelæ
Murmur, & tristis fremitus Leonis
Temperat, luctus Pelicani ad instar
Triste querentis
Gaudium & luctus parit ille vitæ
Cœlitis, veræ pietatis ante ——
Ambulo in terris, superas Olympi
Ducit ad arces.
Tunc genâ mœstis lacrymis carente,
Et cohæredes Domino, beato
Possumus nostri patris intueri
Lumine vultus.
Invicem luctus nova cantilena
Panget æterni decus Haleluja,
Et novum carmen modulis sonorum
Audiet Æther.

March, or Mans birth.

His second birth is brought with feares,
A broken heart, and floods of teares,
Roaring, chatt'ring in the night,
Like *Pelican* from mortalls sight.
Heart-consuming sighes and cries,
Soule-quelling fits and agonies,
Thought-killing muttring, when the heart
Knowes no wayes how to play its part.
But moment-lasting sorrow is
Fore-runner to eternall blisse,
If here on earth it doth annoy,
Yet leads it us to Heavens joy.
When we shall with teareless eyes,
Meete our Saviour in the skies,
When we with him coheires shall be
Of glory and immortality.
Then shall our teares be wip't away,
Then shall there be no night, but day;
Then for our mourning we shall sing,
A Halelujah to Heavens King.

Aprill

APRIL.

O What a pleaſure is't to ſee
My new-ſprung bud, which will be tree!
The gliſt'ring graſſe with Phœbus *ray*
Doth make me cheerefull looke, and gay:
But (ah!) if theſe my Flowers ſhould die,
Lord what would then become of me.
¶ Ile tell thee, this thy brood will wither,
Doe not deſpare, you'le have another.

Ecce novum gaudium.

Behold new joy.

VER.

Aprilis sive Infantia.

Qualis odoriferum fœcundans imber Aprilem,
Flore novo Martis lactentia germina vestit,
Nectare Olympus alit dulci, Phœbúsque calore,
Frigora ne exurant, nimius vel torreat æstus:
Sic gremio charæ matris dum tollitur infans,
Ne necet importuna fames, & tristis egestas,
Nectareo de fonte bibit spumantia lactis
Flumina, quæ gemino mammarum e tubere manant.
Sæpe novercatur Natura, aut turgida fastu
Nectaris hos gaudet genitrix occludere rivos;
Ergo ubi non possunt duram exorare parentem,
Mendicant aliundè, luparumque ubera sugunt;
Sæpe etiam tantùm ederunt sua pignora matres,
Sustineant solis ut nata exponere sylvis;
Tunc superant pietate feræ volucresque parentes,
Dant alienigenis quando ubera mutua natis:
Depositi rabiem lupa, dum lactaret alumnos,
Roma tuos, matrem & dominæ se ostenderet orbis:
Ast illi cum lacte lupæ suxere furorem,
Fraternoq; urbem stabilivit sanguine frater.
Exposuit quem dirus avus, jussitq; necari,
Ille canis fœtæ a mammâ lactante pependit,
Inde sitis semper tenuit vesana cruoris,
Prædandique fames, humano sanguine donec
Immersum caput, & satiatum cæde natavit.
Degenerem toties patriis est cernere prolem
Moribus, aversò tanquam sit sidere nata,
Nutricis cum lacte bibat quod semina morum,
Imbutusque semel fuerit quo parvus odore
Infans, hunc redolet maturis auctior annis.

Ubere

SPRING.

April, or Mans Infancie.

AS *Aprils* ſoft and balmy ſhowers doe nouriſh
The *March*-bred Buds, untill they come to flouriſh;
Sunne with its heate, Heav'n with its dew them cheriſh,
Leſt they with nipping cold, or drought ſhould periſh:
Even ſo the infant on his mothers knee,
Leſt he ſhould ſtarve for want or penury,
With milky Nectar he his belly fills
Which floweth from the two breaſt-towring hills,
Oft times Stepmother nature, Mothers pride
Doth ſtop thoſe ſources, which when they are dry'd,
What they cannot obtaine from cruell mothers,
Poore Infants! they are forc'd to beg from others:
Sometime the parents ſo unnaturall prove,
That they expoſe, which they ſould deareſt love;
Then beaſts and birds, againſt their nature, ſhew
More love then parents, who this duty owe:
Did not the Woolfe her fierceneſſe lay aſide,
To give what curs'd *Amulius* deny'd;
Romes twinnes ſo nurs'd with Woolfes unkindly foode,
Like ravenous beaſts, one ſhed the others blood.
A Bitch did nurſe great *Cyrus*, when they did
Expoſe him, cauſe his ſurly Grandſire bid,
From that time forth in jarres his life he led,
Seeking for prey, and thirſting blood to ſhed,
Vntill by *Schythian Tomyris* at laſt,
His head into a bag of blood was caſt.
What is the cauſe, why children oft times are
Vnkind unto their parents? cauſe they were
Weaned from others; and it ſtands with reaſon,
That they ſhould ſmell of, what firſt did them ſeaſon.

But

VER.

Aprilis sive Infantia.

Ubere jam satur est puer, incunabala somnus
Poscit, ubi tremulis agitatur nutibus, inter
Motumq; & requiem, miseræ dans symbola vitæ,
Cujus, ceu navis, medijs jactatur in undis
Spemq; metumq; inter, nec cessat, lumina donec
Mors claudat Longoque Orci det sessa sopori,
Ramicibus sed ne tangentibus ilia rumpat,
Blanda soporifero demulcet carmine nutrix.
Infantis vel nulla ætas a crimine pura,
Est insons, fraudis non gnara, expersq; nocendi,
Innumeris tamen illa malis obnoxia vita,
Ludibriumque recens casus, & sortis iniquæ est;
Quod si crudeles Herodes asperit iras,
Innocuo infantes maculabunt sanguine ferum.
Obijce formicas quantumvis Græcia Midæ,
Mellificasque Platonis apes, facundia linguæ
Enthea queis portenta, & cornu copia rerum est;
Tristibus auspicijs sed nostra infantia surgit,
Contemplatur aves sævas, quas omina dirâ
Infaustant, rata quæ facit ætas plena dolorum,
Tristitiæ, luctus, curæ, duriq; laboris.
Hoc solo felix, miserum quod nescit infans
In medijs sese esse malis, careatque timore.

¶

Cum meæ matris niveo liquore
Nectaris, tetrum scelcris reatum
Imbibi, primi patris inquinatus
Labe cruentâ.
Addidi vitæ proprium nefandæ
Crimen, annosque in vitiis peregi;
Meque fatali capulo propinquum
Detinet error.
Christe da cunas pietatis, atque
Gratiæ ætatem teneram, priusquam

Aprill, or Mans Infancie.

But when the babe hath ſuckt, then muſt it goe
To Cradle, there to cry rockt too and fro.
(A pregnant Embleme of his life that followes,
Where like a barke, hee's toſt among the billowes
Of hope and feare, nor reſts till cruell fates
Doe thruſt him into *Proſerpines* black gates)
But left with crying he ſhould be oppreſt,
Humming Enchantments lull him to his reſt.
If any life be innocent at all,
The ſilly Infants life ſuch may you call;
Yet to how great and various miſeries,
Good God! the harmeleſſe Infant ſubject lies;
Nay, if an *Herod* ſhew his cruelty,
Theſe guiltleſſe children every one muſt die.
Greece talkes of *Midas* Welth-preſaging Ants,
Of *Platoes* Beehiv'd eloquence ſhe vaunts,
And Cradle-luck ſent from the God; but I
Can ſee nothing foremeant in Infancie,
Beſides great ſorrow, trouble, care, and toyle,
And whatſoever can true pleaſure ſpoyle.
Yet there's one comfort, children doe not know
Their miſery, which leſſneth much their woe.

¶

With Nurſes milke I have drunke in
The deadly guilt of parents ſinne;
So am I, as my parent was
Infected with *Adams* treſpaſſe.
But (ah) that is the meaneſt ſhare
Conſidering what mine actuall are;
I have my yeares in ſinning paſt,
Nor can I leave them now at laſt.
O make me (Lord) in grace begin
To live before I end in ſinne;

VER.
Aprilis sive Infantia.

Parca peccato gravidæ senectæ
Finiat annos.
Vagit infans hæc anima, ô salutis
Author, infirmam saturæ beato
Lacte, & æterno saturato divi
Nectare verbi.
Ablue, ô sordes uteri, meique
Criminis nævos, placidâ quiete
Ut tui regni fruar, & piis tur—
—Manibus addar.
Ne sinas vani hanc moduto sopiri
Carminis, Siren recinet dolosa
Quale; sed Cæli vigiles ocellos
Tendat ad arces.
Neve mergatur rapidis procellæ
Fluctibus, prendas Domine in tuumque
Suscipe amplexum; patrias Olympi
Defer ad arces.
Sic Tuæ, a cunis (Deus) assuefiet
Gratiæ, tu sic animam hanc amabis
Et Tibi grates aget hæc perennes
Invicem amato.

Maiu

Aprill, or Mans Infancie.

Thine Infant (Lord) to be I crave,
Let not my gray haires ſinne to grave.
My ſoule doth cry, ſtill thou it Lord
With milke of thy eternall Word;
Author of grace, nurſe grace in me,
So I at length ſhall ſtrengthned be.
Cleanſe me from firſt and ſecond guilt,
Onely thou canſt (Lord) if thou wilt;
Then ſhall I be a Dennizon
There, where uncleanneſſe commeth none.
Let not Hells Siren lull aſleepe
My ſoule to drowne it in the deepe;
Lord make it watch for Heav'ns joyes
Regarding nothing worldly toyes.
Behold my ſoule rock't too and fro,
Doth cry for feare and cannot goe;
Now leaſt in ſtorme it drowned be,
Take it into the ſhip with Thee.
So ſhall Thou thinke me to be thine,
And I ſhall thinke thy kingdome mine;
So ſhall my ſoule thy mercies prove
And learne thy mercies how to love.

NOw are my Flowers with Aurora *dight*,
And Flora *sees her long wisht-for delight*:
Each Tree a Quire, each Leafe a Bird doth beare,
All singing Harmony to Heav'ns Spheare;
The Lambkins skipping trip, they dance and play,
This is the glory of the moneth of May.
¶ *Remember Flowers fade, come will the night,*
When Nightingale shall sing from Mortals sight.

Florescunt.

They flouriſh.

Maius sive Pueritia.

Germina quæ genuit Mars, quæ lactavit Aprilis
Nunc geminant decus, & Maÿ pinguntur honore
Undiq; Pestano sic splendent cuncta nitore
Vt gnaræ Naturæ rudis contendere dextræ
Artificis possit; Zephyritis gramina pingit,
Gramina Panchaos supra fragrantia indos.
Plumea genus auras tenui modulamine mulcet,
Aeraq;, & sylvas, habitantem & montibus Echo:
Talis Homo puer in teneros quando emicat annos,
Securas fallens inter sua gaudia luces:
Adde alas, Cœli credas stellantis alumnum
Pennigerum, tamrarâ novæ stat gratia formæ:
Huic cedant pictis albentia Lilia campis,
Æmula Sithoniis invibus, paroq; elephanto;
Huic cedant biferi rubicunda rosaria Pesti;
Punicat ingenuos tam pulchra modestia vultus.
Pancheum pueri spirant precordia amomum
Assyriosq; halant accensi thuris honores,
Impar queis sordet medicatæ copia naris.
Permultos avium seducit ad avia cantus,
Certat ubi turdus merulis, ubi Lucari acanthis
Consonat, & noctem sylvæ citharistria mulcet;
Me juvat ingenui vocem exaudire puelli,
Dum teneros fingit sermones aure magistrâ,
Æmula syderibus cui adamantina Lumina fulgent,
Qualia in humanos defigit stellio vultus:
Gratia jucundat faciem, simplexq; venustas,
Totus amor, Venerisq; decus, pignusque parentum est.
Adspice, sed tempus gaudet quo fallere Ludo,
Ingenium artificis mentitus, & arma, manumq;,
Sive equitat mulo Mariano, aut agmina ducit,
Sive molam condit, celsæ vel mœnia turris,

SPRING:

May or *Mans Childhood.*

WHen *May*, Springs glory paints the gaudy fields,
And beauty t' *Aprils* sucking infants yeelds,
The bloomes and blossomes are so strangely dy'd,
That Nature seemes her cunning to have try'd.
Flora perfumes her brood, which give a smell.
That may the Phœnix nest well paralell,
The plumed minstrels with their Musicke fils
The smiling heav'n, the wood, and ecchoing hils.
Mans Childhood is his *May*, wherein he playes,
And wantonly beguiles his careleſſe dayes:
Then lookes he like an Angell, had he wings,
He is the prettrieſt 'mongſt a thousand things.
What Snow-white Lilly, can *Flora* afford so faire,
Which with his spotleſſe beauty may compare?
Peſtans twice-bearing roſe-beds, blush to see
His Virgins red-enamelled modeſty;
His fragrant breath so from his breast doth smell,
As if *Arabia's* bird did therein dwell;
Nor fancied noſegay, nor compos'd perfume,
Above his simple nature dare preſume.
Many repaire to Groves and love to heare
The Nightingale, the Thruſh, and plumed quire,
If I ſhould chooſe, I could take greater joy
To heare the pratling of a lovely boy.
His eyes like gliſtring Diamonds doe ſhine,
Twinckling like Lizards, while they ſtare on thine.
But marke what pleaſant ſport himſelfe he makes,
All Arts and Trades he boldly undertakes;
He'le raiſe a Caſtle, build a ſandy Mill,
He'le ride a horſe, he'le traine, he's what you will;
He doth what ever unripe Nature can,
He is the pleaſant, pretty ape of man:

VER.

Maius sive Puericia.

Cereus ingenio cunctas se fingit ad artes,
Æmulus ætatis maturæ, cuncta recenter
Spectat, & est vitæ, quam cernit, simius actæ.
Ne, nimium miseri tamen exultate parentes,
Præcocia hæc durus comitetur gaudia mœror:
Cernitis, ut pictæ pubes Alabandica Floræ
Marcescit, nudamq; reliquit saucia spinam:
Nulla nitet tessellati sic gloria veris,
Imbriferi quam non afflatus dextruat Austri:
Si semel imbriferi tetigit contagio morbi,
Languent membra, fugitq; decus mirabile formæ:
Pallentes artus, tristiq; gravedine pressum
Tunc caput, immodicam condemnant jure parentum
Lætitiam, & geminis oculorum fata fenestris
Prospiciunt, gelidoq; meat vix ore mephitis:
Improba vis morbi cogit mutare querelis
Blanditias, teneroso; sales, linguæq; lepores:
Maxima tum superant majores gaudia luctus,
Mutantur; vices tristi tum funere lætæ.
Hic sudum affulsit, Boreæ impendente procella,
Hic posuit mare tranquillum, sed fluminis iras
Parturiente salo, meditanti & prælia vento.
Ah! quid fata fugit? mortali propria vitæ
Res est nulla, dedit quæ sors, mors omnia raptat.

¶

Gratiæ vires, Deus O, recentis
Suffice, infans hæc puerascat ætas,
Discat ut certos magis & magis pes
Figere gressus.
Passibus dum Te sequor haud secundis
Christe, præcedas jubar æquitatis,
Te neq; aspectu, O animæ redemptor,
Subtrahe nostro.

Cerne,

May, or Mans childhood.

His wit like wax to every thing can ply,
A strange observer, what he sees hee'le try.
But harke you Parents, be not over joy'd,
Your pleasure (ah) may quickely be destroy'd.
You see the Damaske Rose, which is the peer
Of flowers, it fades and leaves the naked brier:
No blossome is so glorious and so faire,
But may be nipped with a noysome aire,
If an encountring blast of sickenesse blow,
All feature passeth like a minuts shew,
He droopes his head, his gastly lookes condemne
The fondnesse of child-deifying men.
Then through his eyes as windowes looketh death,
A loathsome earthly smell infects his breath.
His merry tales and chat, is then forgot,
For painefull sickenesse makes him change his note.
Then looke how great your joy excell'd before,
Your griefe is doubled now, if't be not more.
Here was a Sun-shine blinke, before the clouds
Did send the winds to combat with the floods;
Here was a calme above, while as below
The sea was great with storme, winds threatn'd to blow.
Ah world of woe! what thing canst thou call thine,
Poore man, but death can quickly say its mine?

¶.

Grant strength of grace, O Lord, to me,
And make me grow from infancy
To childhood; teach me how to trace
The footesteps of thy saving grace.
While with unequall paces I,
Doe lag, shew forth thy Light from high;
O doe not goe quite out of sight
Lord Soules Redeemer, sole delight.

Looke

VER.

Maius, sive Puericia.

Cerne, quo pacto vagulus vacillat
Gressus, & fractos animos adauge,
Erigas, quando titubo, salutis,

Anchora certæ.

Vt viæ longos tolerem Labores,
Ferto opem lasso, exhilara dolentem
Et retrectantem male, gratuitis

Allice donis.

Dum viæ angustas meo per salebras,
Adjuva, & dextrâ stabilito plantam;
Quasq; largiris pueris, Olympi

Ducito ad arces.

Tunc ero Cœli Empyrei minister
Alüger, divâ specie decorus,
Talis & ducam nihili beatos,

Nestoris annos.

Iunius

May, or Mans childhood.

Looke to my wadling pace and if
I fall, raiſe me, and comfort give
Lord, when I ſtagger, ſet me right,
O Soules eternall anchor plight.
And that I may the way endure,
With thy free graces me allure,
Lord if I faint encourage me;
But pull me if I ſtubborne be.
Thus ſuffer me not, Lord. to ſtray,
But guide me on the narrow way;
And 'cauſe thy Kingdome doth belong
To Children, place me them among:
Then Heavens bright Angell ſhall I be
Cloathed with immortality,
Rather ſuch Childhood to me give,
Then here *Methuſhalems* age to live.

June

Jam meſsis in Herbâ.

This will be Wine.

Retrogradus ero.

I shall goe backward.

ÆSTAS.

Iunius, sive Adolescentia.

Curvati quum Phœbus equos, per brachia Cancri,
Cogit anhelantes, acclivi in vertice cœli,
Fervidiore calet radio tunc florida Tellus,
Et primæ fœtus adolescunt flore juventæ,
Letas promittunt fruges, & signa futuri
Dant fructus, avidumq; beat spes prima colonum:
Humanæ talis florescit ephebia vitæ,
Cum pia scintillant cœlestis semina flammæ.
Hæc rudis ingenij moles, sed cerea, Lambi
Poscit, & est Ratio studio formanda colendi.
Humani generis pater ex quo tempore lapsus,
Humanæ in cineres mersa est scintillula mentis,
Non nisi inexhausto jam recuperanda Labore,
Gemma velut Stygio Lethes in gurgite mersa
Urinatoris dextrà expiscanda profundo est.
Tempus erat quo stabat homo de stirpe deorum,
Dotibus ingenij plusquam mortalibus auctus:
Arbitrij sed frena regentem devius error
Abstulit, & recto aversum de tramite flexit:
Inde sumus stirpis pravæ vitiosa propago,
Degeneres sancti primevà ab origine Cœli,
Nascimur ignari rerum, virtutis inanes
Omnigenæ, veluti pictoris rasa tabella
Inscribenda notis queis vis, tamen oblita nullis.
Nam veluti distorta recens que pullulat arbor
Corrigitur, quamdiu lactenti cortice mollet,
Solliciti teneros animos sic cura magistri,
Et cultura Scholæ tortum, sed molle refingit
Ingenium, studijs & cerea pectora format,
Cortinæ quem certa Sophum suffragia primum
Dixerunt, quondam a vultus censore sophista
Damnatus vitij, & tacitæ, insulsæque mamillæ,

Talem

SVMMER:

Iune, or Mans young age.

IN *Iune* when *Phœbus* up to *Cancer* hies,
Driving aloft his Chariot in the skies,
The Earth is cherisht with a warmer ray,
Her Youthfull brood lusty appeare and gay;
Then promise they some fruit and give essayes,
Of what shall be their further-ripening dayes:
Such is the stripling halfe-growne age of man,
When fiery seed of reason sparkle can,
When his rude wit, but waxen (as the Beare
Fashions her cub) is lickt and fram'd with care.
Since mans great Sire did from his maker fall,
Mans reason's loft, scarce to be found at all;
Much like a gemme in Lethes darkenesse drownd,
With dangerous painefull dyving to be found.
There was a time, when man Gods off-spring stood
Indued with gifts greater then mortall good;
But whilst he rul'd his reines, his will did stray,
With drawing him out of the righter way:
Thus when corrupted was the stocke and tree,
We branches thereof must corrupted be;
Borne voide of knowledge, rude and ignorant,
The meanest character of good we want,
Like to a smooth and waxed writing table,
Its voide, but write you, to receive its able.
A tree which crooked growes and bends awry;
While it is young, skill can it rectifie;
So tender mindes the Masters care correcteth,
What Nature could not, Discipline effecteth;
Learning makes straight perverse and crooked wits,
And them like wax to any fashion fits.
He whom *Apollo*'s Oracle did call,
The wisest 'mongst the *Grecian* Sophies all,

Condemned

Iunius, sive Adolescentia.

Talem vitales primum se luminis auras
Hausisse aiebat, diro sub sidere natum;
Posse a sed factum Sophiæ Cœlestis alumnum,
In melius mutasse animum, Geniumque malignum;
Quum bona d lapidat genitor, juga dura subire
Compellit natos duri tristisque laboris;
Quam gravis (ah) labor est lapsum reparare parentis,
Et nunquam tamen amissas attingere dotes!
Naturæ nascentis erant elementa loquendi,
Cornea quæ pueris nunc abecedaria monstrant.
Ac veluti foliis oracula scripta Sibyllæ
Penelopes opus est, salvo componere sensu,
Literulas sit literulis conjungere oportet
Syllabæ ut accrescant, quarum farragine voces
Dum fiunt, operam crebrò damnamus inanem.
Nunc fluxa & fragilis, fuerat firmissima quondam
Mneme, depositi custos fidissima, proma——
Corda penus nostri, loculis sensata reponens,
Depromens & eadem, si quando posceret usus;
Fidit sed mnemæ qui nunc, in pulvere scribit
Sensa animi, aut fluxæ fruſtrà committit arenæ:
Nunc vaga congeries rerum, cæcique recessus
Confundunt species, veliniqua obliterat ætas.
Obstat sæpe sibi rerum male congrua moles
Fermentata Chao, infausto partuque laborat;
Dumque homo rimatur cerebrum, quæ scrinia pulset
Nescit, & insano similis stat pharmacopolæ,
Omnia scrutatur, nec quod petit, invenit usquam:
Cogimur hinc nimium fragili diffidere mnemæ,
Et chartis mandare altæ molimina mentis,
Sic mutis vox viva tacet conclusa libris;
Quumq; foret quondam patulis mos auribus artem
Hausire, a tacitis nunc est discenda magistris,
Atque legenda oculis, variis vox picta figuris.

Singul

Iune, or Mans young age.

ondemned, by a criticke of mans face,
s dull and ſtupid, void of wit and grace,
ade anſwer, ſuch himſelfe by birth to be,
t better'd by Divine Philoſophy.
laviſh Father, when his ſtate he ſpoiles,
e puts his children to a thouſand toyles;
ood God! what paines and care it doth us coſt,
o ſeeke and not to finde what *Adam* loſt.
anguage was Natures worke, we ſhould be borne
hereto, without feſcue, or booke of horne.
t as to gather Sibyls leaves diſperſed
deſp'rate worke to find what ſhe rehearſed;
o gather letter by letter, ſo w'are faine
llabe by ſyllabe, word by word in vaine.
Our fraile and britle memory before
id ſafely keepe the whole conceptions ſtore;
faithfull Steward, what ſhe kept, ſhe could
iſtribute that, when uſe and ſeaſon would;
t now who to his memory doth truſt,
e writes the charter of his mind in duſt.
ſow wandring, braineſicke thoughts the ſpeces kill,
nd what they ſpare, old age aboliſh will.
ft ſo a maſſe of things is hurld together,
hat Chaos-like, one parts not from another;
hen men now ſearch their braines, they cannot find
he box, which holds the conceit of their mind:
hey fret, much like to dull Apothecaries
ho cannot hit upon their box and wares.
ence memories diſtruſt makes us to write
ur minds in papers, that they may endite
gaine to us, ſo word of mouth is come
o ſilence of our writings, which are dumbe,
nd what was got before b' attentive eare
umbe bookes doe teach us, 'cauſe they're oculare.

Iunius, sive Adolescentia.

Singula nec tamen hæc prosunt, quo nescio fato,
Sæpe latet tantis hominis mens pressa tenebris;
Nil salit a lævâ pigri de more caballi
Promovet haud, quamvis virgas calcaribus addas.
Quàm gravis (ah) labor est nobis, quæ perdidit horæ
In nullos reparare dies, lateremq; lavare.
Dicite Adamigenæ pomo quid vilius uno?
Et tamen hoc tantos potuit generare Laborei.

¶

O qui Mosaici dogmata fœderis
Impubis poteras pandere patribus
Iudæ, scita tui da mihi noscere
Patris, morigerum reddito legibus
Cœli. Cimmerijs mens mea cæcutit
Caligans tenebris, pandito Lumina.
Non me sic uteri crimina polluunt;
Nec morum impietas inquinat unguibus
Me sic a teneris, quin tua gratia
A fœdis uteri sordibus expiet,
Et morum maculas unica diluat.
Dotes ingenij quas minuit pater
Humani generis, gratia farciet.
Fac me, Christe, tuæ discipulum Scholæ,
Censurâ ferulæ leniter uteri,
Pendas proq; meis verbera viribus.

Iune, or Mans Young age.

Nor is this all, oft times the Schollar's so
Vntoward, without rod he will not goe;
Sometimes, cause nothing in his left side sturres,
Hee'le neither ride with rod, nor yet with spurres
O what adoe is here for to supply
That which we lost, but cannot now come by!
Tell sonnes of *Adam*, what you thinke of one
Poore apple, which, hath mankind thus undone.

¶

O Lord; who in this age was preaching found,
And teaching those who did the law expound,
Teach me, my Saviour, whats thy Fathers will,
And grant me grace that I may it fulfill.
I am by nature, and in grace a moule,
Redeemer touch mine eyes, illighten my Soule.
I am not Lord by Parents sinne so spilt,
Nor so defil'd with mine owne actuall guilt;
But if thou wilt, thou canst by thy free grace,
Clense me from all which doth my Soule deface;
What ever gifts *Adam* hath lost to me,
Those and farre greater, Lord, I find by Thee.
Master, make me thy Schollar; when I shall
Correction crave, use mercy there withall;
Master, thy Schollar humbly begs of thee,
That to my strength thy rod may tempered be.

ARiēs *was strong.* Taurus *did stronger prove,*
Then Gemini *did double heat and love:*
Cancer *who mounted, straight returnd againe,*
That Leo *might couragious remaine;*
Till Virgo *with her fruitfull, hopefull eares*
Doe rellish well the Farmers greedy feares.
¶ *Since Signes for Mortals good can so agree,*
To Heav'n let ev'ry one most thankefull be.

Concurrunt ſidera Cœli.

The Starres agree in one.

Iulius, sive Ephebia.

Flavus ubi æstivos Quintilis promovet ortus,
Exhilarans blandum radijs ferventibus annum,
Luxurians arbor fructus maturat adultos,
Fœta sui, similem tentat producere prolem:
Talis Homo quum floriferos adoleſcit ad annos,
Parturit, & Genij ſpecimen maturius edit;
Pullulat ingenij fœtus quem cura Magiſtri
Lambit, & urſino deformem more refinxit.
Tunc vitæ molitus iter ſe accingit ad artem
Vivendi modum; nec enim ſunt ocia tuta.
Progenies Hybla veluti fragrantia rura
Pervolat, ac Floræ lacteutia germina libat,
Parſque roſas carpit, pars ſugit amabile nectar
Narciſſi, aut ſtimulis albentia lilia tentat.
Mille legunt florum ſucces, & mille viarum
Ambages Luſtrant, una eſt ſed meta laboris:
Tam varijs ferturſtudijs ferventior ætas
Fatorum quum lege trahit ſua quemq; voluptas
Æſopi haud major calvis currentibus error,
Senſibus humanis quam ſtat ſententia diſcors;
Sed tamen ad metam vitæ contenditur unam,
Ætegete, & triſti quæ defendenda baculo eſt.
Quam variæ rerum ſpecies, quot membra, quot artus
Corporis humani quot ſunt molimina mentis,
Delicia quot ſunt ſenſus, vitijsq; laborat
Quam varijs male-ſanus homo; bona denique quot ſunt,
Quot mala; tot proſtant artes, queis quærimus illa,
Hæc vitamus; & eſt vitæ multiplicis Hydra.
Cura fuit, mundo naſcente parabile victus
Eſſe penu, tutoq; nudi licet, in lui amictu;
Ingenioſa adeo mortalia pectora vexit
Luxuries nunc, ut Terras, orbemq; fatiget:

Diſcende

SVMMER.

July, or Striplings age.

VVHen rypening *July* brings *Hyperion* forth,
From *Tethys* chambers lying towards *North*,
The fruitfull tree, advanceth more and more
His fruit, desiring still his kind to store:
So Man when his Youths blossomes gin to blow,
Desires some way wits timely fruites to show.
After these wits, which imperfect were wrought,
Are now by licking into fashion brought;
Then every man betakes him to a trade,
For no man e're for idleneſſe was made.
Like as the Bees the meddowes range about,
Tasting of every flower the field throughout;
Some brotch the Primrose nectar some the Lillies,
Some crop the Thyme, and some the Daffodillies;
Each one a sundry way and flower doth take,
And yet all to one Hive doe honey make:
So men, in Youth, according to their mindes,
Doe choose their trades, of sundry diverse kindes;
For *Esops* skuls did not so disagree,
As men in severall phansies different be:
Yet though there is 'mongst men so great division,
All seeke one thing, this mortall life's provision.
How many sorts of things how many joynts
Are of the body, how many crotchet points
Are of the mind, or sense's fond delights,
How many vices are in wicked wights;
For goods, for evils, the're equall artes in number,
Which like an Hydra doth this life encumber.
Fathers of old time, surely, pray'd no more,
But clothes for backe and for the belly store;
Now pride and ryots humors for to fit,
Whole countries nations, doe employ their wit;

ÆSTAS.

Iulius sive Ephebia.

Discende sunt mille artes, si fingere ad unguem
Ingenium humanum, mores, & tempora poscas;
Luxuries sic forte juvat, quòd mille nepoti
Artifices debent tolerandæ commoda vitæ.
Esuriunt quando latis animantia campis,
In mundo dat Terra dapes, dant pocula lymphæ;
Dira fames hominem quoties ad turpia cogit,
Infandas acuens spes & præcordia rodens?
Importuna fames morosæ debita cessit
Pœna gulæ: justâ nemesi sic numina plectunt;
Illicitas gustare dapes homo fortiter ausus,
Sæpe nequit licitis jejunia pellere mensis.
Sudandum est igitur, (vendunt dii cuncta labore)
Ante suum misero quam pandat Edulia cornu,
Sollicitæ sic dura capessens munia vitæ
Degener a quali sit factus origine, cernit.
Interea arrectas quæ vox mihi verberat aures
Ocia tuta beans tranquillaq; castra Minervæ,
Musarumque leves choreas, placidosque recessus,
Permessi saltus, & flumina grata poetæ?
Invidiæ vox est laudans diversa sequentes;
Damocles celsâ recubet si sede Tyranni,
Nulla laborabit jucundum musa soporem.
Vt venias hederâ dignus, tua lumina somnum
Sæpe vident nullum? an studio macrescit imago?
Iapetonidæ volucres sunt cura, laborq;
Pervigil, & studij sitis implacata profundi.
Horologi fusum veluti, frænumque, rotasque
Spira regit, secumque suo conamine raptat:
Anxia sic curis quum mens distracta laborat,
Nulla soporiferam sentiscunt membra quietem.
Adspice cognatas cyclon qui circinat artes,
Quàm miserè vitæ dispendia quanta catenet.
Primigeneæ quia dedidicit vernacula linguæ,

Cogitur

Iuly, or Stripling age.

thousand trades, now, doe the best you can,
re too too little to compleate a man:
his accident all good doth riot give,
One spendthrift maketh many poore men live.
F beasts be hungry in the desert field,
he earth their meate, their drinke the rivers yeeld;
What wicked hopes doe mortals entertaine
eeking to shunne hungers heart-biting paine:
Vntimely fasting, a Nemesis we see
Of mans untimely feasting impiously,
Man eate, when God forbad him to doe so,
Therefore when man would eate, oft God sayes no;
Thus man before he is thought worthy of meate,
He must find out some way to toyle and sweate:
So when the Youth begins his painefull trade,
He sees what he is now, what he was made.
But loe, I heare some say; the Schollar's blest,
As free from labour, and enjoying rest,
Talking of dauncing Nymphes, and shaddowy woods,
Parnassus groves, and pleasant running floods;
It's envyes voice; who discontented still,
That which shek nowes not, discommend she will.
Put Damocles in Dionysius place,
Hee'le praise the pleasure, but enjoy no peace:
That thou may'st weare the Ivy, canst thou looke
With sleepeleese eyes, and paleface on thy booke?
What meane the Vultures which Prometheus teare,
But watchfull study, and heart-eating care.
As in a clocke, springs motion doth make
The barrell, fusie, wheeles, and ballance shake:
So when the minde doth stirre with thoughts oppreest,
Thinke you the bodies spirits are at rest.
But looke what doth his encyclopedy
Teach him, but lectures of his misery.

Cause

ÆSTAS.

Iulius sive Ephebia.

Cogitur ignotas Babylonis discere voces;
Quodque prius dederant cunæ, nunc vix capit ætas;
Si numeres linguas, Mithridates occidit infans.
Est hominí tantilla fides, sine Rhetoris arte
Nescia ut sibi concordes inducere sensus,
Quodque nequit ratio fucato suadeat ore,
Verbaque det levibus toties diffundere ventis.
Caligat tantis acies interna tenebris,
Confusæque latent species. Platonis ut annus
Erutere hanc satagat cariosâ e sorde librorum,
Qui rationi probant hominem rationis egentem.
Dum numeros nectit numeris, dum millibus auget
Millia, dum paribus distinguit littora micis.
Dum numerat stellas, gutta discriminat æquor,
In levæ digito fluxos sibi computat annos.
Dulce melos, tristis quamvis medicina doloris
Dicitur, hoc tamen (ah) lacrymarum fluctus acerbat,
Dum fatum recolens effundit flebile carmen,
Qualicient memores vicinæ mortis olores.
Quàm dolet astrifirum radio dum mensus Olympum,
Hic contemplatur radiantes eminus orbes,
Nec licet ad patrias sursum contendere sedes,
Unde genus traxit cognatâ ab origine Divûm.
Denique dum vario describit schemate Terras
Quinque secans zonis, distinguens climate lucem
Maxima quæ vertit cyclis sola ibus annum,
Convexum paribus mensurans passibus orbem,
Quâ jubar auricomum Terris orientsque cadensque,
Punicat equoreas piscosæ Tethyos undas
Quâque dies medium quâ nox dispescit Olympum,
Respiciens modulum ipse suum; quid metior, inquit,
Hanc molem, Archytas prope littus dona matinum
Pulveris exigui poscit, cur mente rotundum
Percurro Cœlum moriturus? stamina vitæ

Parca

Iuly, or Striplings age.

uſe Paradiſes tongue he cannot reach,
ammar doth him *Babels* confuſion teach;
s life time cannot give what cradles could,
thridate was a babe, if tongues were tould.
little credite man hath, without art
Rhetoricke, he cannot move the heart;
s ſmoothed tongue he doth more powerfull find,
hen reaſon; yet his words are oft but wind.
irke ignorance ſo mantles up his wit,
iat *Platoes* yeare can ſcarce deliver it,
om rotneſſe of the Logick ſyſtemes rable,
hich proving all things, proveth man a bable.
e by Arithmeticke can picke the ſhore
f all his ſands; and adde to millions more,
ivide and multiply the ſtarres, and tell
ow many drops doe make the Ocean ſwell;
it when he comes his dayes to calculate,
e finds a figure or two doe ſtand for that.
hough muſicke be a ſweet ſolatious thing,
teacheth him his *Lachrimæ* to ſing,
nd Swan-like in a dolefull Elegy,
dying to bewaile mortality.
ſtronomy doth make him diſcontent,
hat he ſhould peepe up through an inſtrument,
nd take the elevation of that place,
rom whence he had his being and his race.
Vhiles that Geometry doth teach him how
he ſurface of this earthly globe to view,
o cut it out by zones and climates way,
y hotter, colder, and the longer day,
o pace it forth, in inches, rods, and miles,
rom Eaſterne Seas, unto the Weſterne Iſles,
rom dayes Meridian, to the midnight line,
Vhere night is darkeſt, day doth brighteſt ſhine;

When

ÆSTAS.

Iulius, sive Ephēbia.

Parca mihi simul ac secuit: septempeda corpus
Exanimum, tumuli angusto mihi limite claudet.
Cernere mortalem est plures adolescere ad annos,
Ærumnasque simul, tristiq; inolere dolori:
Hoc tantum est miseri forsan solamen Ephebi,
Præterijsse aliquas lapso cum tempore curas.

9

Cœlestis Genitor, quæ mare cœrulum
Quæ Tellus viridans, & liquidi ætheris
Nutrit hæc regio, Te Dominum suum
Agnoscunt, Patulæ munera dexteræ
Exposcuntq; tuæ: Tu saturas dape
Quicquid te precibus sollicitat Deum.
Cervus non didicit vertere vomere
Telluris gravidæ sæ a viscera,
Optatis epulis non tamen indiget.
Nunquam pensa trahunt candida lilia,
Flora at luxuriant splendida syrmate,
Quali Rex Solymæ non nituit pia.
Curis distrahere mens mea, cur meis
Quassatis, stabilem spem tibi colloca
In verum Domino, qui dabit omnia
Quæ vitæ fragili commoda senserit.
Sed ne debilitent ocia languidam
Mentem, luxuriâ & pectora diffluant,
Hydræ multiplicis ne mala pullulent:
Quo vitam tolerem, munere da frui
Artis, quæ senium sustineat meum,
Et victu invalidos sustineat dies.
Me queso Æthereis dotibus instrue,
Quadratas fabricæ dum lego literas,
Cœlorum speculans tam varias vias,
Et tot pennigeros aeris incolas,

Italy, or Stripling age.

hen he lookes home t'himselfe, he sighes and sayes;
measuring earth, why spend I thus my dayes?
rchytas ghost, neere to the Matin shore,
sides a little dust, doth seeke no more;
hy should I then survey this globe with eyes,
nd sore with thought above the sphered skyes?
hen destiny shall cut my fatall haire,
f all this earth, seven foote shall be my share,
hus may we see, that as in age we grow,
orrowes along with us in age doe goe.
Youth one comfort after all, at last
eceives; some of his toyle and sorrowes past.

¶

hat Heaven above, below, the Sea, and Land
ontaine, all stand and fall at thy command.
ather, all things to thee their eyes doe bend,
hou do'st, to them their food in season send;
hat ere thou hast created by thy word,
hou keepst, if they acknowledge Thee their Lord.
hou with thy blessing feedst the wandring Crow,
lthough it cannot either till or sow,
he Lillies of the field they cannot twist
r spinne, yet are they, Lord, so by Thee blest,
hat *Salomon* in all his rich aray,
as not so glorious as they are gay.
hy art thou Soule cast downe with feare and care?
rust in thy Lord and Maker, He's thy share
nd portion sure, who will unto thee grant,
hat usefull things for life he knowes thee want.
ut yet lest idlenesse should on me cease,
hich is the Hydra of vice, and Soules disease:
Give me some calling Lord, whereby I may,
weate truely for my daily bread, this day,

Which

ÆSTAS.

Iulius, sive Ephebia.

Et tot pinigeros Æquoris ordines,
Tot vernantis humi dedala germina,
Errantesque greges, silvicolas feras,
Rimatusque vel scrinia pectoris,
Artus, atque animam, donaque cœlitus
Angusti tenebris abdita corporis.
Te rerum Dominam, munificum patrem
Agnoscam, Æthereis laudibus efferens
Donec, me aligeris civibus addito,
Ærumnis dederit mors requiem meis.

Auguſtu

Iuly, or ſtriplings age.

Which may maintaine my gray haires, when I can
Doe nothing but bewaile the ſtate of man.
What knowledge, Lord, thou giv'ſt me of the creature,
Make it the ſtay of Thee my great Creator.
When I behold the Criſtall Heavens ſo faire,
So many winged troopes piercing the aire,
So many finned armies in the ſtrands,
Rowing themſelves amongſt the rockes and ſands;
When I behold the flowers, the fields and fennes,
The grazing flockes, the wild beaſts in their dennes;
When I rip up my breaſt, and there doe finde,
An earthly body, but an heavenly minde;
I ſee thy greatneſſe Lord, in every thing,
To thee therefore I will here praiſes ſing:
Till I ſhall come unto thy bleſſed traine,
Then death ſhall put an end to all my paine.

VVHat Plough & harrow with laborious toil
Did truſt to mother earth, & fruitfull ſoil
Aſtræa, *juſtice Scepter who can ſway,*
To Sickle and the Barne doth that repay;
The Huſbandman he will now weepe no more;
When juſt Aſtræa *ſhews him hope of ſtore.*
¶ *The Gods are juſt, let men then pious be,*
To uſe their bleſſings with ſobriety.

Hæc Pietas.

This is Piety.

ÆSTAS.

Augustus sive Iuventus.

PHœbus quum blandis Astrææ amplexibus hæret,
Et cultos maturat agros, tunc germina Terræ
Omnigenos pariunt fructus, pars fœta veneno,
Nectare pars dulci, virtus non omnibus una est:
Talis Homo ætatis juvenili robore gliscit,
Actæ dans specimen vitæ, signumq; futuræ.
Vt cineræ quæ immersa latet scintilla, coruscat
Et rapit ardentem crepitanti in fomite flammam:
Sic Natura prius teneris malè debilis annis,
Nunc fervore viget venarum & robore nervi.
Vina velut generosa cadis spumantia fervent,
Exertantq; novas per cæca foramina vires:
Sic fermentatæ Iuventæ fervore juventæ
Exerit affectus, gaudetq; tumultu.
Non ætius levibus stipulis Vulcanius ardor
Grassatur, juvenili quam mens correpta furore
Flagrat, & insulsæ probat enthymemata falsa
Esse Stoæ, virtuti animos affectibus addens.
Sic domuit matutinum Pellæa decus orbem,
Et capita Alcidæ diræ dempsisse Hydræ,
Rettulit & vellus Phryxæum Dorica pubes
Ducens Argivam per inhospita cærula pinum.
Passio virtutis cos est & acuminat ausus,
Sæpe etiam exilium languens calcaribus urget.
Persephones malè sanus amor sub Tartara misit
Perithoum, Stygiasq; domos penetrare coegit.
Præceps ira truces in mutua vulnera fratres
Compulit, atq; odium cinerum post busta superstes.
Materno fœdare manus vindicta cruore
Horrendæ jussit sitientem cædis Orestem.
Sic dolor Ajacem fregit malè sanus, ut ensis
Vim proprii ferret, fortemq; ad vulnera dextram,
Hæc ignara modi intensis affectibus ætas
Fertur, & est pravi penitus studiosa juventus,

Artibus

SVMMER.

Auguſt, or Mans Youth.

VVHen *Phœbus* doth with chaſt *Aſtrea* meete,
Crowning the fruits & fields with influence ſweet
Then plants bring forth their fruits, after their kinde,
t all alike, ſome good, ſome bad we finde.
man in Youth ſhewes by his converſation,
s towardneſſe, and former education.
ke as the fire which long hath lurkt in aſhes,
nen it gets ſtronger fewel, flames and flaſhes,
nature which in weakeneſſe long did lurke,
th now in heate of blood begin to worke:
like ſtrong wines in caske, when firſt they vent,
ey ſhew themſelves in motion vehement,
man in leavned age, and youthfull prime
ves paſſions moſt violent for a time;
nder nor flaxe takes not with Vulcanes ire
re quickely, than youths bloods ſet on fire,
d oft condemnes the Stoicke apathie,
by his paſſionate valour we may ſee.
Pellas flower did conquer all the Eaſt,
ides kill'd the many-headed beaſt,
ōn with the noble Youths of Greece,
ſpight of dangers wonne the golden fleece:
is paſſion as it is a whetting ſtone
goodneſſe, ſo to evill it ſpurreth on.
ves paſſion made *Perithous* deſcend
Plutoes houſe t' attend his luſtfull end;
ger made *Eteocles* kill his brother,
r could their funerall ſmoake agree together;
venge did cauſe *Oreſtes* put to death
mother, who did give him life and breath;
griefe made *Ajax* turne his wrath from *Troy*,
d with the fatall ſword himſelfe deſtroy:
is age ſtill in extremes can ſcarce obey
ſon, cauſe paſſion beares ſo great a ſway,

Augustus sive Iuventus.

Artibus aut intenta bonis, & gnara studendi,
In nimios semper timor est ne exardeat ausus.
Hæc ætas juvenes bivii ad divortia ducit,
Constitit Alcides quondam quo incertus eundi.
Altera lata via est, & multo flore decora
Undiq; Pestani veris subridet honore,
Uberibus Cereris crescunt ubi munera sulcis,
Nectareos latices Bacchi carchesia fundunt,
Mollia cycneis stant pulvinaria plumis,
Undique Panchæos spirant & aromata odores,
Aligeriq; chori mulcent concentibus auras,
Vernantesque replent tremulo modulamine sylvas.
Hic levibus recubat plumis fucata Voluptas
Floribus in mediis & suavia cinnama spirat.
Deliciosa jacet, facies ostentat amores,
Lumina sidereo splendent accensa nitore,
Tota lepos (qualis parebat ab æquore Cypris)
Mellitas voces, & verba papavere condit,
Est externa foris species, & gratia vultus;
Pectoris interni at poteat si forte recessus,
Fœda latet scabies pictoq; malè discolor ori;
Pigmento quocunque æmum cerussat, amaror
Corde latet, dolor exanimans & turpis egestas.
Æmula luminibus Basilisci lumina tollunt
Evitâ quodcunque vident, ceu noxia Siren
Cantat, Niliaci aut fletu insidiatur alumni;
Sed lacrymis ne crede, scatent quæ fraude, metuque;
Pocula Circæis præbet medicata venenis,
Lethæam miscens Lotos, virusque rubetæ;
Inque sues homines vertit, caprosque salaces,
Rugentesque feras, & mimos cercopithecos,
Sæpe scyphis madidos deponit, pectora vino
Accendens, socio mox restinguendo cruore;
Deniq; tam lautas damnum exitiale coronat

Auguſt, or Mans Youth.

And oft, when reaſon and affection too
Concurre, the danger's, not to overdoe,
It leadeth us unto a forked way,
Where the great *Hercules* was ſayd to ſtay,
The one is broad, plumed on every ſide,
With Damaske Roſes, and with Flora's pride,
There *Ceres* gifts in great aboundance grow,
And Bacchus cupps with nectar overflow;
There's downy beds ſtuffed with ſwanlike plumes,
There every thing is ſweetned with perfumes;
The winged quiriſters with their ſweete throates,
Doe warble forth their eare-bereaving notes;
And painted pleaſure lyeth all along
Vpon her downes, the fragrant flowers among;
Her lookes are lovely, and her eyes are cleare
Much like to *Venus*, when ſhe did appeare
Firſt from the ſea; the honey's not ſo ſweete,
As are her words; ſhe's outwardly compleate,
But O if one ſhould ſee her breaſt within,
Farre different would he finde it from her skinne.
What ever ſhe pretends ſhe meanes no leſſe
Than death, deſtruction, gall, and bitterneſſe;
Her eyes, like Baſiliskes, they ſee and kill,
Her voyce like Sirens doth entiſe to ill;
Beleeve her no wayes, when ſhe ſheddeth teares,
For like the Crocodiles, they're full of feares;
She gives Circean cuppes of giddy wine,
Mixt with toades poyſon, and the Lotiſh rine,
And turnes man into Goate, or mimicke Ape,
Or Wolfe, or Lyon, which doth roare and gape;
Oft times ſhe with her cupps ſo doth them drench,
That without blood their thirſt they cannot quench;
But which is worſt of all behold the end,
To miſery and death they are condemn'd.

ÆSTAS.

Augustus, sive Iuventus.

Delicias, mortis miseræ prænuncia tabes,
Nervorum vel dira lues, aut hectica febris,
Aut laterum dolor, & stagnans pituita fatigat
Sic miseros, diræ cupiant ut tædia vitæ,
Et quamcunq; petant, nequeant quum vivere, mortem.
Quòd si quis Polemo primos disperdidit annos
Imprudens, castam luxu tentare juventam
Ausus, jamq; Sophi monitis resipiscere tandem
Incipit, & Baccho sacras lacerare corollas;
Talis erit sæcli Phenix, rarissimus ales,
Qualis cum piceis cycnus secat aera pennis;
Consuetudo mali tam cæco pectora callo
Obdurat, nequeant ullâ ut molescerecurâ,
Sic vitiat Genij dotes, sic inquinat auræ
Particulam, ut sibi naturæ jus vendicet omne,
Pristina nec prosit studiosi cura magistri,
Quam penitus dirus peccandi obliterat usus.
Proh dolor! ergo parens genuit Natura beatum
Indole, quæ lætæ gestbat semina frugis?
Ergòne lactabat mater, primosque fovebat
Carmine vagitus, omen mentita secundum,
Curaq; sollicitis est demandata, magistris;
Scilicet ut pubes primo sub flore periret?
Altera dura via est, acclivi tramite callem
Augustans, nisi grassanti non pervia dextræ.
Sente scatet multâ, nudis stat semita spinis,
Hanc stipant diræ monstrorum hinc inde catervæ,
Qualia Tartarei servant penetralia Regis.
Hic sua mordaces posuere cubilia curæ,
Hic tremuli genibus stant pallentesque timores;
Illic pervigiles acie flammante dracones,
Ignea queis somno non mulcet lumina Morpheus;
Improbus & vanus labor hic ad culmina montis
Sisypheum volvit saxum frustraq; revolvit.

Auguſt, or Mans Youth.

A little ſwiniſh pleaſure deare they buy,
With Gout, Conſumption, or the Pleuriſie,
And brings upon themſelves ſuch miſery,
That they can chooſe, or doe nothing, but dye.
Perhaps one Polemo who in her waies,
Hath laviſh'd out his young and tender dayes,
When he a wiſe Xenocrates doth heare,
Will be aſhamed, and his garlands teare;
But he is one amongſt a thouſand, who
Farre otherwayes, then he hath done, will doe;
For vitious cuſtome puts them ſo in ure,
As that it doth their hearts and minds obdure;
Their better parts from Heav'n it doth deface,
And tyran-like uſurpeth Natures place,
Then nothing profits carefull education,
And hope is gone of healthfull reformation.
O what a pitty's this! Nature brought forth,
A towardneſſe, which gave ſome hopes of worth;
Their mother ſuffered paines, and gave them ſucke,
And dandled them with ſongs of happy lucke,
Then were they put to Schooles, and learning taught,
And now when tis their prime, all is for naught.
The other is a ſteepe and narrow path,
And, beſide which you make, no paſſage hath,
Its straw'd with briers, thornes grow all along,
Through which, who ere ſo walkes, he needs muſt throng;
On every ſide are monſters, ſuch as dwell
In *Plutos* priſons, and the pits of hell:
Here ſits gray-headed, and heart killing cares,
Here lyes palefaced, and joynt-ſhaking feares;
Here watchfull Dragons, whoſe unſleepy eyes,
The care-relenting Morphews never ſees;
There vaine and phrenticke labour rowles a ſtone
Like *Siſyphus* the craggy rockes upon;

Augustus, sive Iuvēntus.

Hic exanguis stat Desperatio fauces
Vix laqueo stringens, vitamq; exosa fatiscit.
His adversa venit lymphatis passibus turmis,
Ordinibusque instructa ferocia ventilat arma;
Ira oculos ardens, torvo succensa furore
Æthereā de sede Iovem turbare minatur,
Hanc comitatur Eris, facibusque incendia mundo
Dira parat, gaudens orbem miscere tumultu;
Hic vecors odium tacito sub pectore celat
Horrendum scelus, & diras excogitat artes;
Imprudens tensos hic scandit Abulia funes,
Et nonsueta prius tentare pericula gaudet;
Ceratis hic vana petit Spes Æthera pennis,
Icario ardentem visens conamine Solem.
Hæc angusta via horrendis scatet undiq; monstris,
Et vitæ innumeris est intercluſa periclis,
Sed tamen incolumes hāc virtus ducit alumnos
Extrema ut vitent, ne pes hinc inde vacillet:
Quoq; magis per Meandri curvamina pergant,
Ipsa Ariadnæo regit hos Prudentia filo
Mox Aretē, fidæ comites Constantia & Ardor
Pectoris, infractos animos currentibus addunt;
Spem fovet hic, monstratq; intentas eminus arces
Virtutis, quarum tenet Elpis florida culmen.
Si quando offendit gressus, Constantia sursum
Firmans, ad metam laudis calcaribus urget.
Proclamat longē Spes, hic sunt digna laboris
Præmia, & excipient mordaces gaudia curas,
Pax sincera quies nullo temeranda dolore,
Lætitia hic habitant magnum, sine fine, per ævum.
Sic ubi meandros emensi & monstra viarum,
Tandem pertingunt hilares ad culmina montis,
Splendida quadratis ubi stat suffulta columnis
Regia Virtutis; porta hinc Crystallina claudit

Atria

Auguſt, or Mans Youth.

At laſt Deſpaire drooping and almoſt dead,
Scarcely can pull the rope over her head.
On th'other ſide, the furious Paſſions ſtand,
Marching with armes along, in traine-like band.
Anger with fiery eyes and frownes doth threat
To pull high thundring Iove downe from his ſeate;
Next comes Contention with her curſed brands
Seeking to ſet on fire both ſea and lands;
Then Hatred in her hollow heart doth keepe
Revenge, and for occaſion forth doth peepe;
There Raſhneſſe, on a rope hangs by the toe,
And of her boldneſſe makes a fooliſh ſhow:
Vaine Hope with waxen wings doth love to flye
Like *Icarus*, above the Azure ſky.
Fierce monſters doe this narrow paſſage bound,
And deadly dangers it encompaſſe round.
Yet Vertue doth her followers ſafely guide,
Leaſt they ſhould goe aſtray on either ſide.
Prudence through the darke windings doth them lead,
Safely with *Ariadnes* clew of thread.
Then Vertues uſhers, Courage, Conſtancy,
Doe hearten them on againſt adverſity:
And ſhow them Vertues Caſtle, how on high,
It ſtands reſplendent all with Majeſty.
If they doe ſtumble gainſt a blocke or ſtone,
Then Conſtancy ſaies, ſtay not here, goe on;
And Hope proclaimes afarre: Loe here you ſhall
Have joy for ſorrow, Hony for your gall.
Here peace and joyfull reſt, for ever dwell
Which neither croſſe nor time ſhall ever quell,
So when they have theſe hideous monſters paſt
With joy they reach the mountaines top at laſt.
Where Vertues pallace ſtands on pillars ſquare
The courts of gold, the gates of chryſtall are,

Augustus, sive Iuventus.

Atria Paſtoli flavis rutilantia arenis,
Et varijs, quales vix nota dat India, gemmis.
Ante fores livor jacet ater, lumina tanto
Saucius aſpectu, dum quam videt, invidet arci:
Hunc simulac preſſere duces, per ſplendida templa
Virtutis, magni ſubeunt penetralia Honoris.
Gloria mox claris ſublimat facta trophæis,
Famaq; Seraphicis inſertat nomina turmis.
Hoc bivium eſt; teritur tamen altera ſemita, ſordet
Altera cæca ſitu, rara & veſtigia monſtrat.
Sæpe Voluptatem numeroſa colonia ſtipat,
Incomitata ſolet divina incedere Virtus;
Forte etiam mortale genus, quod naſcitur, omne
Errat, & a recto obliquos fert tramite greſſus,
Felix ad veram quicunq; recurrere metam
Poſſit, & errori non indulgere nefando.
Tranſverſos ducit cæca ignorantia multos,
Dum tarpunt Virtutis iter, mediumq; capeſſunt.
Extremis illabuntur; vix littore ſolvit
Navis, cum cæcis impingit naufraga ſaxis;
Aſt alij meliora vident, cupiuntq;, ſed obſtat
Res anguſta, deæq; ira importuna nocercæ;
Paupertatis onus diræ ſic viribus impar
Deprimit, ut longo vix repant intervallo.
Quam pauci juvenum, de tot modò millibus, actu
Extremo functi, ſcenam cum laude relinquunt!
Parva manus (qualis Gideonis) laude juventæ
Clareſcit, parvam decimant tamen invida fata.
Incipiunt teneri quum matureſcere fructus,
Enecet hos Boreæ vis importuna furentis;
Floreſcens pereat ſic triſti funere pubes.
Æqua ſenum juvenumque ſimul mors funera denſat,
Rugoſæ quam ſæpe genæ juvenilia buſta
Effœtis lacrymis, ſicco fletuque rigârunt;
Sæpe ilex muſcoſa recentem turbine ſagum

Subverſam

Auguſt, or Mans Youth.

And all this glorious caſtle's founded on
The Chryſolite, Saphire, and Berill ſtone.
Before the ſtately gates, blacke Envy lies,
Tormented with the aſpect of her eyes;
On whom, when once theſe Champions doe trample,
Through Vertues Courts, they enter Honours Temple,
Then Glory doth eternall Trophees raiſe,
And Fame Seraphik-like, their name doth blaze.
There but two wayes; and yet where one dare venter
On this, a thouſand by the other enter:
Vertue, oft, all alone doth goe and dwell;
Pleaſure doth lead whole colonies to hell.
Nay, I dare ſay, the moſt of men doe ſtray
At firſt, and enter in the broader way;
Happy are they who doe returne, before
They runne too deepe in curſed pleaſures ſcore,
Darke ignorance doth blindfold many ſo,
That from the meane into th' extremes they goe.
Their ſhip ſcarce from the ſhore her courſe doth take,
When ſhe on deadly rockes doth ſhipwracke make;
Others have knowledge and the beſt deſire,
But croſt with ſtormes and fortunes ſpightfull ire,
There ſtrength and meanes anſwer not to their mind,
And ſo poore ſoules they're forſt to lag behind.
Amongſt ſo many thouſands of this age
How few with faire applauſe goe off the ſtage;
And yet thoſe few like *Gideons* fleece, we ſee
Tith'd by untimely fates mortality.
When fruites are almoſt ripe, ſtorme can them ſhake,
When Youth is almoſt man, death may him take.
Search you deaths Lime pits, and youle finde therein,
As oft the Young Steeres as the Oxes skinne;
Oft time old gray-haird wrinkles ſwim in teares,
For youthes who dyed in their prime of yeeres;

ÆSTAS.

Augustus, sive Iuventus.

Subversam videt, oppedit tamen ipsa procellæ.
Sola homini restat mortalis propria vitæ
Conditio, & sortis lex est præscripta caducæ.
Una patet cunctis nascentis semita vitæ,
Mille viæ mortis ad fata latentia tendunt.

¶

Non tot multifremum flatibus Adria
Turget, quum piceis nubibus æquora
Miscet, quot tremulum cor tumet affibus,
Et fervent dubijs pectora motibus.
Iræ præcipites, & furor impius
Me sæpe exagitant, exanimant metus,
Tollunt spesque leves, excruciat dolor,
Tranquillum Domine, at da mihi spiritum,
Pelle & cuncta meum quæ mala lancinant
Pectus, da placidâ mente quiescere.
Ævi primitias sanctifica Deus,
Vtq; artus, animam sic mihi robora:
Gressus perq; tuam dirige semitam,
Ad Cæli Empyrei qua penetralia
Ducit, Cælicolûm & stelliferas domos.
Servame incolumem a Tartareo grege,
Sic, metam potero visere ad ultimam.
Tunc Pæana canam pennigeris choris,
Mors crudelis ubi jam stimulus tuus;
Inter Christicolos victor ovans greges,
Dicam tunc tumulo gloria ubi est tua.
Mallem per latebras tendere Dædali,
Et vitæ omnigenis casibus obijci;
Quam Cæli caream dulcibus ocijs.
Euris præpetibus transvolat ocyor,
Vitæ luctificæ dira molestia:
Durant astrigeri gaudia sed poli,
Numen dum adnumerat sæcula sæculis.

Auguſt, or Mans Youth.

The ancient Pollard Oake oftimes doth ſee,
The overthrowing of a Young Beech tree,
This onely law is propper unto man,
To dye, or ſoone, or late, doe what he can.
One way he comes to life, if Fates diſpoſe
Will once of him, a thouſand wayes he goes.

¶

The ſtormy ſeas doe not with waves ſo fret,
When roaring ſurges, glowming clouds doe threat,
As with contrary tides my breaſt doth ſwell,
And doubtfull thoughts my plunged ſoule doth quell;
Whilſt furious anger doth me headlong lead,
And ſhaking feares doe ſtrike me almoſt dead;
While hope doth raiſe and ſorrow downe me caſt;
Lord after ſtorme, ſhew forth thy calme at laſt.
Chaſe anger, feare, vaine hope and griefe away,
That joy and reſt of ſoule, enjoy I may.
The firſt fruites of my young age ſanctifie,
With ſtrength of body, ſtrength thy grace in me,
Direct me Lord along thy narrow path,
Which may lead me to Heaven, by ſaving faith,
Strengthen me with perſeverance to the end,
From Satan, and Hels monſters me defend:
So when I ſhall come to Heavens reſt, I'le ſing,
O cruell death, where is thy deadly ſting:
And when I ſhall triumph in Heaven with thee,
I'le ſay, *O Grave, where is thy victory,*
Before I want this reſt, I had rather goe
Through thouſand Lab'rinths of this mortall woe.
Theſe worldly croſſes, laſt but for a day,
And like the Eaſtwind, quickly flye away:
But ſure I am when earthly ſorrow's paſt,
Heav'ns thought-ſurpaſſing joy ſhall ever laſt.

Sementis pervenit ad Messem.

Seed-time is made Harvest.

Æqua Die nox est.

Summers Equinoctiall.

September, sive Ætas virilis.

SOL noctes luceſque pari quum examine librat,
Et medio Phœbus diſpeſcit tramite mundum,
Naturæ tunc grata, ſuum dant germina ſemen,
Ipſaq; quos habuere, alijs dant fœtibus ortus;
Excute terrarum rimas, rerumq; latebras;
Omnia Naturæ ſpecies, & ſemina ſervant;
Sis vario natura jubet ſoboleſcere ſexu,
In terris quecunq; vigent, cæloq;, mariq;.
Nulla quidem tanto turgeſcit corpore moles,
Exiguum cujus non dat compendia ſemen;
Clauditur & moles arcto tam limite nulla,
Quæ non multiplici fœcundet ſemina prole.
Cum paria Humanam diſtinguunt tempora vitam
Inque dies retrò, & venturas poſtea luces:
Tunc ſibi conſortem vitæ, lectique jugalis
Poſcit Homo ut ſpeciem ſervet, ſobolemque propaget.
Quique Homini dixit ve ſoli; ad gaudia vitæ,
Huic dedit uxorem Deus, & ſoboleſcere juſſit.
Non picta lunonis avem, capramve ſalacem,
Latracemve canem, vel mimam voce volucrem,
Sed lateris coſtam conſortem junxit, ut eſſet
Ipſe ſibi, ſolo ſexus diſcrimine, conjux.
Hactenus humano generi infeſtiſſimus hoſtis,
Diſſimulans Satanas tacuit, mendacia fraudis:
Contigit at poſtquam ſequiorem cernere ſexum,
Conſilij inſtruxit cuneos, fraudumque phalangas?
Naumachus ut quondam dux, qui verſabat Athenas,
Filiolum imperij moderantem induxit habenas:
Optabat quæ namque puer, ſententia matris
Una fuit, pueri mox reſpondere rogatis,
Et mandare viro, regni qui ſceptra gerebat,
Sic puero imperium Soritis linea defert:

September, or Mans age.

VVHen Libra in equall scales weighs night and day;
And Phœbus through the midline makes his way:
Then every plant thankefull to nature seedeth,
As it was bred, so other plants it breedeth.
For view the Vniverse and you shall finde,
That every thing seekes to preserve its kind;
With sexe and seede nature bids multiply
Man, beast, the foule and fish, the hearbe and tree,
None of their volumes ere so great can be,
Which compendiz'd in seed, we doe not see,
And none so meane and small but doe encrease
And multiply the more, because they're lesse.
Mans age, mans life when it doth equall share,
In by past nights, and dayes which comming are,
Then man in his *September* seekes a mate,
His speece for to conserve and propagate.
When God into mans nostrils breathed life,
He fittest thought for him to have a wife,
And he who sayd, woe to him who's alone,
Gave man a consort and companion:
He gave him not a Peacock nor a Goate,
Nor Dogge, nor Parret with her mimicke throate,
But of himselfe his fellow he did make,
And from his side his consort he did take.
But all this while Sathan mans mortall foe,
Lurking his craft and malice did not show,
So when he saw the weaker sexe of man,
To use his stratagems then he began.
Sometimes Themistocles was wont to say,
That *Diophantus Athens* state did sway;
The Childes desire was all his mothers will,
Nor would she rest till he did that fulfill;

September, sive Ætas virilis.

Haud aliter Saturnas, quod vir uxorius esset
Noverat, & facilem vidit parere maritum,
Agnovitq; ream, divino ex fœdere, prolem,
Patraret quæcunque parens & sanguinis author.
Sic ubi mendaci pater, impostorq; sophista
Uxorem cæci labyrintho includit elenchi,
Blanditiis fuit illa nocens, Sirenis & inflat
Allexit miserum, ad fraudem, exitiumque, maritum.
Digna fuit violata fides hoc nomine mulctæ,
Credere quum Autori renuit, rerumque parenti,
Conjugium sic triste fuit, quod gaudia primùm
Spondebat, jussique vices mutare parentes.
O rerum dubios casus! quò vertere sese
Possit homo? tenet aure lupum, bivioque vacillat.
Cœlebs si vivet, mœrebit solus & orbus
Occidet, & veneris non dulcia præmia norit;
Audiet ingratus Naturæ, habuisse parentes,
Nec tamen esse parens, ut quondam fama Catonem
Ad Floram venisse refert, ut fugerit inde;
Sic cœlebs gaudet naturæ intrare theatrum,
Exeat ut cœlebs; tædas dabit invida parca
Ferales, non dat tædas Cytherea jugales,
Vivit, sed solus vivit, quo? scilicet orbem
Vt videat tantùm, visumque ut ephemera linquat;
Se capulo totum tradit, post fata superstes
Nullâ parte sui est, & vulnere concidit uno;
Ononiâ dignus pœnâ, quia semine gentem
Ipse suum spoliat, crescentique invidet orbi;
Huic humana foret quid si gens æmula, Terras
Qui colerent homines, colerent quæ numina cœlos?
Tunc meritò Xerxes conscendens culmina montis
Deploret mortale genus, speciesque caducas;
Gaudia si quando contingunt, gaudia solus
Nescit, & est vitæ pars dimidiata secundæ;

September, or Mans age.

And Athens was obedient to his call,
So by Sorites Diophant was all;
And wherein *Adam* did trespasse he knew:
His off-spring thereof should be guilty too:
So when the devill that lying Sophister,
With cunning captions had seduced her,
She with her Complements to cogge began,
In place of joy becomming woe to man;
And justly so, for trusting her relation,
Better then God, and workes of the Creation;
Thus marriage which before a blessing was
Became a curse, because of mans trespasse.
O dolefull, doubtfull case! what shall man doe?
He knowes not here what hand to turne him to,
If he live all alone, he childlesse goes
To grave, chast *Venus* joyes he never knowes;
Unthankefull to dame Nature he doth live,
Who life receiv'd, but life to none will give;
Much like as *Cato* came to Flora's play,
And having entred, straight did runne away;
So Natures stage, he entring rather can
Depart, before he act the married man;
Before he will glad marriage torches have,
With funerall Lights, he's carried to his grave;
He lives, but to what end? that he may see,
The world, and like Ephemeron quickely die;
All of him dies at once, his overthrow
Is totall, death doth kill him at one blow;
The curse of *Onan* he must undergoe,
Cause being bid raise seed he did not so;
What if all were like him, where should there be
Saints for the Heaven, for earth posterity;
Great *Xerxes* then might justly shed his teares,
And say, that all should dye within few yeares.

Septēmber, sive Ætas virilis.

Illi æramna gravis nivium, nec grande levare
Solus possit onus, rebusque est tristibus impar;
Divitias & agros ignotus possidet hæres
Dignior, ipsius fruitur qui messe laborū:
Quòd si forte suam reparet fine semine gentem
Solis avis, renovant sobolem cui incendia thuris,
Phœnicesque hominum quos ardens gloria tollit
Mortalem supra sortem, post funera possint
Et cineres, immortali dare nomina famæ;
Pro monstro exemplum est, inter tot millia, quorum
Vita, & fama simul Lethæis mergitur undis.
Quid faciet, ducet ne? malis obnoxia vita hæc
Innumeris, multos dira ad suspendia cogit,
Socraticæ haud quemvis tranquilla modestia mentis
Temperat, ut possit Xantippes ferre querelas.
Vita via est, quæ nos cælestes ducit ad arces,
Ocior est cursus, quum sarcina nulla fatigat;
Militat omnis homo virtutis castra sequutus,
Statq; novercantis contra fera spicula sortis,
Quòq; gravius premit hunc onus, est inidoneus armis
Hòc magis, & vires hærentia pondera frangunt;
Quemq; suos Natura jubet sentiscere manes,
Vxoris ducit curas & jurgia consux,
Curarum quamvis satagat miser ipse suarum,
Alterius manes, proprijs fert manibus impar;
Vxorem si forte virumq; examine libres
Æquo, fœmineus dependet amaror, amorq;.
Si formosa juvat, forma est inimica pudori
Non tutò spectata Gygi, nocturnaq; regis
Præda, pudicitiam multa avit vulnere læsam.
Si dotata, virum mactat, fastuq; superbit
Jurgia dira ciens, auratag; cornua tollit;
Respuit eloquium morosa Terentia Tulli,
Fulviaq; Antoni potuit compescere Suadam;

Sæpius

September, or Mans Age.

In joy he hath no true companion,
And knowes not how for to rejoyce alone;
Woes him in sorrow, he must needes despaire,
Who hath no fellow, who may with him share;
His riches who shall have, he doth not know,
A stranger reapes them, who did never sow.
What if th' *Assyrian* bird lives without mate,
And yet her rarest kinde doth propagate?
What if some Phenix-like can Virgins live?
To those we honour due and reverence give;
For when they're burn'd in glory's spycie flame,
They leave eternall off-spring of their fame;
But we of mankind talke, where one so dyes,
A thousand batchlers in oblivion lyes.
What shall he marry? that's a life of care,
Of sorrow, poverty, if not despaire.
For every one is not a *Socrates*
Who can a bold and mad *Xantippe* please.
Our life's a journey to our heav'nly aboad,
He walkes with ease, who walkes without a load;
This life's a warrefare, wherein we must fight
Against Step-mother Fortunes ire and spight,
The greater burthens doe a man oppresse,
He needes must sincke the more, and fight the lesse,
What man hath not his crosse, which he must carry,
He's subject to anothers if he marry;
Weigh man and wife, and (as *Tiresias* sayd
Of her desire) you'le finde her crosse downe weigh'd.
Doth beauty like thee? that a foe doth prove
Oftimes to chastity and mariage love,
Not fit for *Gyges* sight, once made a prey
To lust, for greefe, it made it selfe away.
Great portions please thee; these are cause of pride,
Disdaine and brauling jarres on either side,

AVTVMNVS.

September sive Ætas virilis.

Sæpius uxor, quæ debebat nubere, ducit,
Imperitare viro, nonnunquam tollere gaudet
Aut tunicâ tabo medicatâ, aut fraude aconiti,
Massagetûm de more aliæ communia quærunt
Gaudia, quæis lecti reverentia nulla jugalis;
Improba si cesſit conjux, eſt hectica febris,
Mors niſi, nulla tibi tollant medicamina damnum.
Penelope tibi caſta placet, mirandaque conjux
Admeti, tuaque o Hieron ignara virorum?
Contigit haud cuivis vento petiiſſe Corinthum?
Nec cunctis ceſſere, petunt quæ gnaviter omnes;
Sorte uxor ducenda tibi eſt, ſors candida rara
Exit, nigrarum vomit undam mobilis urna;
Finge probam cecidiſſe tibi, quæ pulchra, pudica,
Et dotata, tamen comis, quæ ſedula, prudens,
Sobria prole beet, non ulli & lite fatiget
Æmula Corneliæ & claris gravitate Sabinis;
Hanc ubi mors inopina rapit, vel caſus iniquus
Deſtruit, aut fato nati moriuntur acerbo,
Quam gravis (ah) penſat tua priſtina gaudia mœror!
Tunc felix eſſes, niſi felix ante fuiſſes.
Qualis ab aeriâ viduus gemit arbore turtur,
Et querulo ſolas funeſtat murmure ſylvas,
Pervolat omne nemus, ſociam non invenit uſquam,
Uſque tamen quærit, ſolus dum vivere neſcit;
Sic tu quem ſocii fidiſſima junxit amoris
Copula, tam dulcem neſcis dediſcere amorem,
Parte carens meliore tui conſumere tabo
Ingratus Soli, rapidoque injurius Orco,
Dimidius jam vivis homo; Te inſomnia noctis
Forte beant, quoties ſomno obverſatur imago
Conjugis, & quondam dulces mentitur amores,
Mœrorem ſed pulſa quies luctumque recentat,
Planctibus & gemitu noctesque dieſque fatigas;

September, or Mans age.

Terentia queld *Tullyes* sweete eloquence,
To *Antony* oft *Fulvia* gave offence;
In marriage who are vail'd for modesty,
Once marryed take to them supremacy;
I will not talke of great *Alcides* wife
And *Claudius* shrew, judges of death and life;
Some thinking joyes, the more they common are
The greater, will have no peculiare;
A bad wife, a consumption you may call,
For none but death can free thee from her thrall.
You'le praise *Penelope* and *Alcestis* care,
And she, who thought all, like her huband were;
But every one cannot to *Corinth* saile,
All wish the best, but all cannot prevaile;
Wife's choos'd by Lott'ry, be you ne're so wise,
You may have forty blanks, and not one prise.
Suppose you have a good one, chaste and faire,
Both rich and modest, prudent, full of care,
Teeming with children, never raising strife,
Like to *Cornelia* or a *Sabin* wife;
If death shall take her, or fatality
Vndoe her, if thy children deare shall dye,
Then for thy former joyes, what griefe is seene,
Happy wert thou, if happy th'hadst not beene.
Like as the widdower turtle all alone,
Makes sad the shaddowy groves with dolefull mone,
Searching each wood; no wood his mate doth give,
Yet search he will; alone he cannot live:
So is't with thee, whom love ty'd with his knot,
By thee, that love can never be forgot;
Thou'st lost thy better part, thou pin'st away,
Halfe man, defrauding grave, and wronging day;
Perhaps thy dreames in sleepe doe make thee blest,
While as thou fancies her in midnight rest,

AVTVMNVS.

September, sive Ætas virilis.

Orpheus Eurydice quondam ceu flevit adempta,
Obmutuitq; lyra fracta, fidibusq; revulsis,
Denuò quum tristes conjux raperetur ad umbras.
O hominis duram sortem, & crudelia fata,
Seu ducas, vivas ceu cœlebs, vita dolori
Subjacet, infausto semper temeranda querelis!
Huccine mortalis pertingunt tempora vitæ,
Gaudia nec possunt placidæ sentiscere sortis?
Si primi Autumni tantas dedit hora procellas,
Quas dabit acris hyems, & iniqui syderis annus?

§

Tu magne rerum conditor, imperas
Qui, lege sanctâ, Patribus obsequi,
Honore charos & Parentes
Afficere, ut patriâ fruamur.

Idem Parentes linquere nos finis,
Castos amores conjugis & sequi,
Ut nos propago conjugalis
Exhilarans decoret Parentes.

Sed, Christe, qui non omnia deserit,
Nec gaudet orbi qui valedicere
Vt te fruatur, non Iesu
Dignus erit Domino, Deoq.

Sunt quèis peractis gaudia nuptijs;
Et vina dulcis lætitiæ fluunt,
Quos non dolores fœculenti,
Non aqueus cruciant amaror.

Mihi si acescunt arida dolia,
Imo manet si pessimum & ultimum,
Mutato Lympharum dolore
Ætherei laticis sapore.

September, or Mans Age.

And she belyes thy joys but once awake,
Then more, and more thou grieveſt for her ſake,
Thou wear'ſt out nights and dayes in griefe and moane,
Like Orpheus, when Eurydice was gone,
He broke his ſtrings, and Harpe away he caſt,
When she the ſecond time to hell had paſt.
O dolefull caſe of man! O cruell fate!
Marry, or not, ſtill wretched is his ſtate.
Good God! hath wretched man come this farre on,
And yet can finde no joy to build upon,
In Autume ſuch a tempeſt if he ſee,
What thinke you will his ſtormy Winter be?

¶

Almighty God, who gaveſt ſtrait command,
To honour parents and our ſacred Sires;
That ſo we may enjoy the promis'd land,
And brooke thy bleſſings and our hearts deſires;
Thou likewiſe ſayeſt, men doe parents leave
Betaking them to marriage chaſtity,
That they may to their lawfull conſorts cleave,
And have ſome comfort of poſterity.
But he that will not for thy ſake leave all,
Parents, wife, children, and what goods he hath,
Vnworthy of thee (O Lord) thou doſt him call,
Who ſhould be ſaved by thy bleſſed death
Some after wedding, drinke the cheerefull wine
Of gladneſſe, while their cup doth overflow,
While without dregges of ſorrow it doth ſhine,
What want and trouble meanes they doe not know.
If I ſhall drinke the water of affliction,
Becauſe the marriage wine is gone and paſt,
Turne't into nectar of thy benediction;
So ſhall the wine be beſt which comes at laſt.

AVTVMNVS.

September, sive Ætas virilis.

Da mihi constans rebus in omnibus
Pectus, secundis ne nimis efferar,
Adversa ne frangant, præmantque
Insuabiles maledres timentem.

Quæcunque sors sit conjugii mihi,
Solatium mentem hoc reficit meam
Hanc posse Christo conjugari
Stelliferi Domino theatri.

Isacidûm qui progenuit tribus
Iadæ Pater præ Labaniâ pio
Amore, duram servitutem
Sustinuit vigilis laboris.

Non ego duros pertolerem metus
Casus iniqui, & cuncta pericula
Amore Christi, qui maritus
Hanc animam faciet beatam.

Qui me redemit faucibus inferi,
Cruore servavit polyporphyro,
Tandemque cœli cum triumpho
Empyreos feret ad penates.

Excubias mens nunc age sedula,
Dum sponsus adventat tuus, instrue
Lucernam olivâ, mox Iesus
Ne vocet ætherias choreas,

Quando angelorum millia, millia,
Et celsi Olympi pennigeri greges
Lætum Peanem suscitabunt,
Et tonitru resonabit orbis.

October,

September, or Mans age.

all estates, Lord grant me constancy,
aast I with good successe be over joy'd,
r yet cast downe with great adversity,
et me not be with crosses much annoy'd.
hat e're the state of this my marriage is,
shall one day a better wedding see;
ith this one comfort, Lord, my Soule I bliss,
ith thee Heav'ns Lord, my Soule shall married be.
cob, great Iuda's sire wrought eare and late,
le thought the time quickly away did slide,
hough worne in night with cold, in day with heat,
ll seemed nothing, cause he lov'd his bride.
hall not my Soule, for Christ the bridegroomes glory,
uffer what ever mortall crosse shall be,
or all these crosses are but transitory,
is joyes shall last to all eternity.
e did poore soule, so much of thee esteeme,
elivering thee from Hels infernall pit,
hat with his blood, he did thy life redeeme,
hat thou may'st with him in his glory sit.
atch therefore, Soule, let not thy Lights goe out,
et constant hope, and faith, still persevere,
So when thy blessed Bridegroomes joyfull shout,
hall rise, thou mayest enter without feare.
hen millions of winged Angels shall,
nto Heav'ns glorious firy-courts thee bring,
nd there amongst these troopes Cœlestiall,
he Seraphines thy marriage song shall sing.

TAke heed when Barnes are full, and wine doth flo
Least Scorpius *with his sting all overthrow;*
Dog-dayes are past, when men were glad to weare
Torne cloathes, if you be wise, October feare;
Extreames are dangerous, doe not you make bold
From fire, to runne out naked in the cold.
¶ *In midst of plenty, let us thinke on want;*
If we be healthfull let's not therefore vant.

Habet ſtimulum in caudâ.

He hath a ſting in his taile.

AVTVMNVS.

October, sive Ætas media.

CVm jubar inturvis Phœbæum amplectitur ulnis
Scorpius, & pastim flavescit frugibus annus;
Apparent primùm tunc tempora grata colonis,
Messis & expectata dies, quam rustica voto
Turba rudi divas Cererem petiere Palemque.
Falce cadunt fruges, spoliantur fœtibus horti,
Omne labore pecus fervent, hominesque, bovesque
Sollicitis tonsi tumant sudoribus agri.
Cum venit blandis sperata parentibus ætas
Et natos videre viros; tunc fervida messis
Humanæ vitæ est: neque enim condensius agmen
Formicarum urget rapidos per rura labores,
Sepedibus quando populis frumenta parantur,
Granatim & totis subito minuuntur acervi,
Sedula quàm variis studiis ruit unda virorum
Et mundi populantur opes. Quæ dissita tellus
Quæ regio sub sole jacens, quæ Tethyos unda
Quæ loca Naturæ cæcis abstrusa tenebris,
Cognita nec Soli, humani non plena laboris?
Hoc queritur quondam dives Gangetica tellus,
Et fluvius, posuit Phrygiæ quo vota tyrannus
Aurea, Tertessumque fluit quam propter Iberus,
Et Tagus huic popularâ, arenis inclyta quondam
Flumina, nunc vili decurrunt languida masco,
Quasque dabant, coguntur opes nunc quærere ab oris
Non viso quæ Sole calent, rapuere Corinthi
Æra viri, solam destruxit Mummius urbem,
Heliades ficcæ lacrymis augere fluenta
Eridani nequeunt, Erythræo in littore gemmas
Jam frustra scrutatur Arabs, conchylia Sidon
Miratur non ire freto, jam deficit ostrum
Spartanum, lanâ frustra celebrantur Amyclæ,

Nescis

AVTVMNE.

October, or middle age.

WHen *Scorpius* in his bending cleyes doth gripe
Phœbus, and gray-haird *Ceres* fruites are ripe,
Then wisht-for times to husbandmen appeare,
When rurall Gods hath bleſt the fruitefull yeare;
When Corne is reapt, and joyfully they mow,
And gather, what in hopes they firſt did ſow;
When ev'ry man and beaſt, with ſweat doe toyle,
To take the Harveſt from the fertile ſoyle,
When Parents doe enjoy their wiſh, and ſee
Their children come to full maturity,
When is the Harveſt of the life of man,
When ev'ry one endeav'reth what he can,
Like as the Piſemires with their num'rous bands,
Six-footed creatures cover fields and lands,
When they doe carry home their Winter ſtore,
Great ſtackes of Corne, they leſſen more and more:
So men in companies themſelves divide,
And rob the world of riches and her pride.
What Country doth beneath th'Horizon lye,
What ſea, what place, not ſeene by *Phœbus* eye,
What depth, what darkeneſſe neere unto the Center,
Is there, to which mans labour doth not venter?
Thus India ſometime rich, doth now complaine,
And Pactol, which with Gold, Midas did ſtaine:
Tagus, and Iber, once did richly flow,
But now their Channels meſſe doth overgrow,
How ſeeke they, what they gave, from forraigne coaſtes,
In vaine now Corinth of her Copper boaſts:
The daughters of the Sunne doe not decore
With Amber teares *Eridanus* his ſhore:
In vaine th'Arabian picks the gliſtring ſands
For Gemmes, Sidon admires her empty ſtrands.

Sparta

AVTVMNVS.

October, sive Ætas media.

Nescit ubi ponat nidos Panchaius ales,
Masculaque odorifris quum desint thura Sabæis;
Synnada, Sparta, Paros Mygdonia nulla columnas
Marmoreas jactant; citreas Mauritia mensas
Dedidicit flavis auri circundare lamnis,
Aulæsque prius Babylon formosa superbis,
Nulla Semiramiis decoras jam tecta tapetes,
Dædala nam defecit acus. Tu Persia nullas
Mox jactabis opes; hæc ferrea sit licet ætas,
Ignorant Chalybes ferrum, nec tela Saloniis
Spumiferi flevis extincta gelantur in undis:
Gargara deseruit messis, vix fertilis Enna
Trinacrias nutrit Cereali munere Terras,
Non Dodon jam glande pluit, non flumina Nili
Lente scatent, gravidisque tumet Methymna racemis,
Rarior est vitis Gauro, diriq; Falerno:
Corsica non taxos metuit, nec flavus Hymetti
Mella favus sudat; calvescit pinifer Ida:
Non Phœbo Parnasse tuo das laurea serta:
Non taxum Cyrnus, non palmas mittit Idume:
Nec fragrant biferi rubicunda rosaria Pesti,
Et crocus a Cilicum nunc rarior advenit hortis,
Deseruit ripas Eurotæ palladis arbor:
Pontus Castoreâ, Colchis jam nulla veneno
Clarescit, dudumq; gemit quòd viderit Argo.
Dædala gens hominum sedes mutare coegit
Monstra, feras, homines, pisces, variasque volucres.
Bellatoris equi est Epiro gloria nulla,
Enganeas pecudes, Calabrasque Britannia vincit
Insula dans niveis frumentia vellera floccis;
Terra Iubæ quondam quos pavit, vincla leones
Nostra tenent, Dannosq; lupos, catulosque Molossos,
Spartanosq; canes, & sævos dentibus apros
Marse tuos, & quos frondens dat Mænalus ursos;

October, or middle age.

Sparta no scarlet, *Amycle* no woolI
Produceth, other coasts are thereof full;
The Phœnix knowes not where her nest to build,
Sabea cannot savory spices yeeld,
Paros exhausted is of Marble stone,
Mauritias precious tables are all gone;
And thou faire *Babylon*, some time agoe
What were thy hangings, now thou dost not know;
Persia take heede, the *Chalybes* can give
No iron, though in this iron age they live;
Salon thy darts are gone, which thou was wont,
Amidst thy streames to temper hard as flint;
Ceres from fertile *Gargara* hath fled,
And *Sicily* by *Enna* scarce is fed;
Dodon no Acornes, *Egypt* Lentiles send,
Nor doe we now *Methymnas* grapes commend,
In *Gaurus* and *Falernas* wines are rare,
With *Hymet* any place dare most compare,
Corsicke no honey yeelds; *Ida* hath lost
His pines; of groaves *Parnassus* cannot boast,
Idume sends no palmes, nor *Cyrnus* yewes,
Nor *Pestum* roses of so many hewes;
Cilicias gardens seldome saffron-sees;
Eurotas banck's doe beare no olive trees,
Now *Pontus* bezer, *Colchis* poyson lacke,
This long agoe doth mourne for *Argos* sake.
Industrious mankind patient of great toyle,
Make monsters, men, beasts, fish, fowles change their soyle.
The glory of horses, *Epire* hath forsaken,
And *Britaine* hath *Calabrius* glory taken,
Whose sheepe doe goe beyond *Euganean* flockes,
With snowlike fleeces and their curled lockes,
The Lyons which kings *Iubas* land hath bred,
We see them in our chaines and fetters led;

October, sive media Ætas.

Hic afri sua monstra vident, captiva volucrum
Agmina pictarum nostras ducuntur ad oras.
O genus humanum natum indulgere labori
Audax naturæ vetitos transcendere fines!
Sæva tridentiferi calcas tu dorsa tyranni
Eluctibus insultans tumidis, Cœlique fragores
Vertice sustentans mediis involvenda undis,
Vimque offers ventis, & mortis tela fatigas.
Naufragus (ah) quoties sedisti in cautibus horrens,
Tunc scopuli hospitio felix, cum Pontus & Æther
Nubibus hic sævos, undis daret ille tumultus,
Aut tabulæ insidens fluitasti in gurgite vasto
Ludibrium Cœlique, salique, tuosque videres
Circum te nantes post fatum triste sodales,
Incertus num dira fames, an sæva procellæ
Vis daret infandi genus (ah) miserabile leti.
Supplicibus votis tunc Cœli numen adorans
Addebas Lachrymas undis, suspiria ventis;
Optati tamen ut tetigisti Littoris oram,
Neptuno madidas venuis suspendere vestes,
Atque novam meditare ratem sub pondere pictæ
Pressus adhuc tabulæ; dum vis miser esse libenter
Indocilis tutam cum paupertate quietem
Ferre domi, ignotis malis confundier undis.
Pars quærunt Nili fontes, pars ultima Thules
Frigora, & ad gelidam propius quod pertinet axem.
Una dies totum, nox una ubi dividit annum.
Invenere novas Terras, nec sufficit unus
Orbis, eò humani generis vesania crevit.
Pars terram fodiunt cæcis gens æmula Talpis,
Exosique diem gaudent habitare tenebris
Cimmeriæ noctis, Summani Tartara pulsant
Divitiasque a dite petunt; pars æmula mutis
Gentibus Æquoreas scrutantur sæpe latebras

October, or middle age.

The *Daunian* wolves, *Spartan*, *Molossian* dogges,
The *Marsian* Bores: *Arcadian* beares, and hogges:
The *African* may here his monsters find,
His painted birds, and foules of strangest kind.
O mankind borne to beare care and distresse,
Who darest Natures furthest bounds trangresse,
Thou plow'st the seas, not fearing dolefull wracke,
And trampleſt on the Tyran Neptunes backe,
Thou dost the ruine of the Heav'n uphold,
Thou dost thy selfe in foamy waves enfold,
Thou dar'st the wind, and wearyest threatning fate,
When Heav'n and stormy seas, are at debate;
Oft times thy lodging is a roaring rocke,
Or planke, to stormes thou'rt then a mocking stocke;
Thou seest thy fellowes tumble, nor dost know,
What first shall give thee deaths last cursed blow.
Then call'st thou Heaven for helpe, and none canst find;
Increasing seas with teares, with sighes the wind;
But when thou com'st unto the wisht-for shore,
Thou wilt not vow, that thou shalt saile no more,
But while thou shipbroke, beg'st for misery,
Thou think'st another voyage how to try.
Thou know'st not how at home to live in rest,
Cleanely, and therefore still will be distrest.
Some seeke Niles source, the Poles some come so neere,
That light and darkenesse doth complear a yeere;
Here new-found Lands, nor can one world suffice,
What mans too curious fancy doth devise;
Some digge earths cavernes, not unlike to moles,
Hating the day, they live in pits and holes,
And from Cimmerian darkenesse of the hell,
They seeke their riches from curst Pluto's cell.
Some like the fishes dive into the strands,
And there doe grople 'mongst the rockes and sands.

Et scopulos cæcos, & arenas gurgitis alti.
O duras hominum sortes! sic vivere parcæ
Iusserunt? O crudeles ad numia Parcas!
Naturæ placuit pretiosa abscondere rerum
Humani pretio tantum acquirenda laboris:
Hyblæum nectar servant armata juventus
Tauriginæ sobolis, nec sit sine vulnere præda;
Cuspide munitur numerosâ gloria Pesti,
Carpuntur Veneris rarò sine sanguine Flores;
Discolor in lucem niveo quæ vertice surgit
Herba, pici similem radicem in viscera terræ
Mittit, mortalesque beat, sed vellitur ægrè.
Et mediâ in sylvâ fulvo quæ virga metallo
Frondescit, tegitur cæcæ convallibus umbræ
Ac luco latet omni, aurato vimine ramus;
Qui cupit Hesperidum rutilantia carpere poma,
Custodes domuisse prius sit cura Dracones.
Omnia, quæ genuit Natura, laborant:
Continuâ rapitur circum vertigine Cælum
Ignoratq; vices oti; Sol surgit ab ortu,
Occiduasque petit ceu cursor strenuus oras,
Nec minus a capro versus tua brachia Cancer
Scandit, retrogrado repetit vel tramite Caprum:
Ingeminat Phœbe motus, nec cernitur uno
Vultu: Terra vices observant quatuor anni,
Vere novo pictos distinguit germine flores,
Hos æstu nutrit, Soliscq; calore focillat,
Autumno canos fœcundat frugibus agros,
Inq; hyeme Æolijs nimborum vapulat austris,
Nulla quies ponto est: subeunt jumenta labores,
Damnatiq; jugis Tauri; requie sine justit
Nos etiam Natura dies transire fugaces.
Eia igitur socij per tot mala tædia vitæ
Pergite, per duri casus discrimina mille:

AVTVMNE.

October, or middle Age.

O toyleſome Lote of men! hath ſo the fates
Ordain'd their life? O hard commanding fates!
Nature thought good her treaſures to conceale,
Which nothing, beſides labour, can reveale.
The Oxe bred bees with ſtings defend their hives,
And fight for them, as for their deareſt lives:
The Roſe is fenc't with prickles round about,
He muſt be prickt, who ſeekes to finde them out,
The Moly beares a bloſſome white as ſnow,
His ſwarthy roote deepe in the earth doth grow,
It cureth maladies of every kinde,
But hardly digged up, when men it finde:
With all the grove ſo *Proſcrpine* doth cover
The bough, with which men Lethes flood paſſe over,
Who ſeeke from the Heſperides a prize,
Muſt lull a ſleepe the Dragons watchfull eyes.
What nature hath produced worke it muſt,
Heav'n by th' intelligence about is thruſt,
It knowes no reſt, the ſunne from Eaſt doth riſe,
And towards Weſt doth courſe along the skies,
Vp from the Goate he climes to Cancers ſeate,
Then to the Goate againe he makes retreate.
The Moone her courſes multiplyeth ſo
That ſtill one countenance ſhe ne're doth ſhew;
The earth keepes ſeaſons of the yeere, in ſpring
She bringeth forth the buddes of every thing;
In ſummer ſhe them heate and moyſture yeelds,
With corne in Autumne ſhe doth crowne the fields,
But when the Winter ſtormes and windes doe blow,
She's wrapped up with ſeede in fleece of Snow:
The Sea reſts never, beaſts muſt undergoe
The yoke of toyle, and mankinde muſt live ſo.
Then you my fellowes let us ſtill advance,
Through all theſe hazards of unluckie chance,

AVTMNVS:

October, sive media Ætas.

Nos aliò divina vocat sors; grata sequentur
Ocia; sic olim dura hæc meminisse juvabit.

¶

Quà Terra longam circinat orbitam
Solis, polorum quà cadit ambitus
Aut surgit orbi, fraudulenta
Sors homines trahit impotentes.
Quærunt quod ignis destruat, aut aqua
Aut fur refossis parietibus domus
Aut tineæ dens vellicantis
Hostis & insidians rapina.
Cœlum tenet sed divitias meas
Christum redemptorem pia & agmina
Cœlitum qui ter beatas
Hoc duce concelebrant choreas,
Hic Nectar alto flumine defluit,
Hic stant acervis Ambrosiæ poli
Hic gloria & pax, & triumphus
Omnia quæ exhilarent ovantes.
Non finient hæc gaudia sæcula
Non sæculorum sæcula, sæcula,
Non quotquot erunt & dierum
Quæ nebulâ & tenebris carebunt.
Huc ducito me cuncta per ardua,
Per saxa terræ, per scopulos maris,
Per quicquid Orbi est inquietum
Fulgura per, tonitru, procellas.
Sit modò portus sollicitæ viæ
Quies Olympi, metaque sit mihi
Sedes coruscans Angelorum,
Et patriæ superæ penates.

October, or middle Age.

Our lot is elsewhere, joy shall come at last,
Then gladly shall we thinke of troubles past.

¶

From mornings East, unto the evenings West,
From South, to North, as Poles doe rise and fall,
Men framing Fortune still seeke for the best,
And oft too curious are deceiv'd of all.
They seeke what fire and water can destroy,
Or moth consume, or theefe can steale away,
Or wherein they doe place their greatest joy,
The enemy can take it as a prey,
Heav'n hath my treasure with my Lord and King,
With companies of glorious Saints in blisse,
Where holy quires doe dance triumph and sing,
They follow, and our Saviour leader is.
Here Nectar rivers every where doe flow,
Ioy without sorrow, holy daliance,
Here stands Ambrosias heapes, where ere you goe,
And what immortall glory can advance.
If you should multiply ten thousand ages,
They shall not end this joy and glorious light,
Nay though you goe beyond ten thousand stages,
Nor all the dayes which never shall know night.
Hither lead me, O Lord through all distresse,
O're mountaines of the land, rockes of the seas,
Through whatsoever hath no quietnesse,
Through stormes and thunder, if it so Thee please.
So that the Haven of this my voyage be,
Heav'ns rest, so that the goale be of my race,
The Court of Angels, who attend on Thee,
And in thy Fathers house some dwelling place.

NOw piercing darts deſcend from heav'n above,
Weare corſlets if your bodyes health you love,
For Autumnes latter raine, ſtrikes to the heart,
Oftner than doth the flying Parthians dart.
When Sagittarius *bends his bow, take heede,*
For if you ſhun't not, he can ſtrike you dead.
¶ O gracious Heav'n who can make mortals ſad,
And merry; ſtill foretelling good and bad.

Sagitta in nervo est.

I have bended my bow.

November, sive Ætas provectior.

Pleiades Eoo Cœli cum cardine surgunt,
Præcipitemque rapit messem penultimus anni
Imber, & instantis præcurrit frigora brumæ
Cædua calcatur messis, calet area fruges
Exfiliquat tritura boûm; pars munera Bacchi
Temperat, & variis spumantia prela racemis;
Turgida ferventi stant labra undantia musto;
Mella premunt alii, spoliantque examina ceris,
Hyblæisque favis: stat nectaris amphora plena,
Fervet opus varium, nec messis omnibus una est;
Talis gens humana, quibus non discolor oris
Esse figura potest magè quàm sententia mentis;
Diversis diversa placent, studioque trahuntur
Non uno mortale genus, sublimis Olympi
Pars legit amfractus, & Cœli sydera pulsat
Vertice; reptat humi ignavi pars maxima vulgi;
Sed pauci virtutis iter, mediumque sequuntur
Gallinæ niveæ pulli, quos ardor honoris
Accendit veri, & rerum prudentia solers.
Ambitio humani generis divissima pestis
Turget, & Icariis summum petit Æthera pennis
Nobilitatque polum fastu, Terrasque ruinâ,
Terrigenûm Cœlos temerans de more Gigantum.
Impiaque in numen Divinum affectat honorem.
Pelleus juvenis devicto non satur orbe,
Nec patre contentus mortali, spurius esse
Maluit illius, nomen qui debet arenis;
Ungula mortalem fecit, Letheque liquore
Ebrius, angusto tandem sub carcere clausus
Sarcophagi, posuit fastus immensaque vota;
Scilicet attenuat magnos, frangitque superbum
Omne Deus, nullo regnans, rivale secundo.

November, or age farre ſpent.

VVHen Pleiades doe riſe from Eaſterne hindge,
And now *November* latter harveſt brings
Vſhering the Winter; men doe *Ceres* huccen,
Which is unhusked by hard-treading Oxen;
Then from the preſſed grapes the wine runnes downe,
And Muſte with Nectars foame, the Fats doth crowne;
From waxen cels, ſome doe the hony ſtraine,
And pots are full, while empty hives complaine;
Then every one workes what in him can lye
Let all one and the ſame worke doe not ply:
Even ſuch-like men in full ripe age, we finde,
Whoſe faces differ no more then their minde;
Each one a diverſe palate hath, nor can
One taſte that which likes well another man;
Some ſoare like Eagles, and will reach the ſky,
Others, like vermine, in earths duſt doe lye;
There few, or none, but whom great Iove doth love,
Who keepe the meane, who wiſe and happy prove.
Ambition mortals greateſt plague doth hye,
Vpwards, and with *Icarian* wings will flye;
While Gyant-like, ſhe will rob Heav'n of all,
She catcheth ſtill the more notorious fall.
Pellas faire flower, who could not be content
With the rich conqueſt of the Orient,
Nor with a mortall father did proclaime
Himſelfe Ioves baſtard, to his Parents ſhame;
The hooſe which Lethes water did containe,
Did prove him mortall, and his hopes but vaine,
Whoſe huge deſires, one world could not ſuffice,
A ſhort and narrow coffin was his prize.
God tyrans flouts, nor can with pride away,
Without a rivall, he the world doth ſway,

Nor

November, sive Ætas provectior.

Commode non clavâ defendere fata trinodi
Tu poteras, nec te Herculeæ sine vulnere tutum
Exuviæ dederant, laqueo cupirare coactum,
Decollare Deos Poterat, cui castra dederunt.
Cognomen caligæ, propriumq; imponere truncis
Ridiculum caput, ut templi decoretur honore,
O scelus horrendum fate nullo, & tbure piandum!
Mortales superi sic regna capessere Cœli,
Invictiq; Iovis componere fulmina sceptris,
Sceptris, quæ baculo mutarit casus iniquus,
Et Nemesis divina, Iovis nam dextra Tyrannos
Imperio regit, & graviori regna coercet
Regno; purpuream tribuunt crudelia mortem
Purpureis cur fata viris, nec funera ficta?
Scilicet injusti quia Cœli numina temnunt,
Æmuli & solidæ mendacia fulmina mittunt.
Sunt alij fortuna dedit queis provida cunas
Privatas, vetuitq; manu contingere sceptrum,
Hos tamen accendit regnandi dira cupido.
Vivere Romuleâ qui nolunt urbe secundi,
Monstra hominum, Terræq; lues, Acherontia proles:
Ergo Deos nequeunt cùm flectere, tota movebunt
Tartara, & insidijs factum diadema cruentis,
Fraude, doliſq; petent: sed Cœli dextra tuetur
Cognatum imperium, & numen venerabile regis,
Exitij sunt causa sui, inveniuntq; ruinam
Quam meruere gravem, & dignas conamine pœnas,
Dum scandunt altas Cedros, sub pondere rami,
Franguntur, mittuntq; trunces ad Tartara fastus:
Turbo velut rapidæ erumpens de nube procellæ,
Ingeminans motu vires, ferveſcit eundo,
Crebrius aeriæ quatiendo cacumina quercus
Concutitur magis, viresq; in robore perdit,
Ambitio vexat sic hos dum dira, feruntur

Impet

November, or Age farre spent.

Nor could *Alcides* club or hayrie coate,
Save from a fatall rope *Commodus* throate.
Caligula most impious amongst men,
Dar'd to behead his Country Gods, and then
Did cause their shoulders his gold'n head up beare;
That all might worship him with divine feare.
O curst impiety that can no way
Be expiated! which with Heaven's scepter sway,
And match their Scepters with Ioves thundring hand,
Who doth the greatest Monarchies command,
There Scepters are but fraile, and fortune strange,
There Scepters with a beggers staffe doth change;
Why doe these purple tyranes often dye
Shedding their purple soules most cruelly?
Because Heav'ns Deity then doe contemne,
And like *Salmonius* thunder amongst men.
For others Fortune wisely did foresee,
Cradels well fitting with their low degree,
Commanding them no wayes t' aspire so high
As to usurpe sacred supremacy:
Yet some have so ambitious desire,
They will not live second in Romes Empire.
Monsters of men, Barths plagues, Hells cursed brood,
They will be wicked cause the Gods are good,
Seeking t' ensnare Earthes Sacred government:
Besides curst treason they have no intent,
But yet heav'ns hand can still that power defend,
Which to its blest anoynted it doth lend;
They're authors of their woe, they catch a fall,
And cursed death just Nemesis of all,
Who scale the Cedars finde top-boughes too weake,
Which once oppressed easily doe breake:
Much like a whirlewind rushing from above,
Waxing still more, the more that it doth move,

While

November, sive provectior Ætas.

Impete præcipiti, & perplexo ad culmina rerum,
Mole ruunt tandemque suâ: conatibus impar
Repperit horendos injusta superbia lapsus.
Quid juvat excelsi conscendere culmen honoris
Invito Iove, percellunt si fulmina montes
Aerios, cœli superant qui vertice nubes?
Tutius est latuisse casæ sub cespite vilis,
Aurea quàm Regum captare palatia fraude;
Tutius est Clymenes tenues coluisse penates,
Quam phœbi ignitos temerè teniare jugales;
Fidere ceratis summa est insania pennis,
Vicino quæ Sole fluunt; quid turgida tollis
Vela per horrendas, sinuosi gurgitis undas?
Non portus fortuna petit, deprendit in alto
Sed naves, quarum contingunt suppara nubes.
Felix, heu nimium felix si forte quiescat
Contentum mortale genus, tutissima vita est
Quæ didicit servare modum, quæ nescia fraudis
Ambitione caret, populi non tollitur aurâ,
Nec cadit insani levia ad suffragia vulgi,
Non timet hæc uncos Sejani & tristia Manli
Funera, qui saxum quo deturbaverat hostes
Cæde suâ sparsit, dum Romam non capit impar.
Sunt quibus unum opus est loculos dissendere, plenas
Condere flavissas, totisque incumbere gazis,
Corradunt quodcunque trahunt torrentibus amnes
Auriferi, quodcunque tenet scrupulosius undæ
Littus Erythrææ, qui cœli numina tanquam,
Suspiciunt gazas, quarum quò copia major
Hoc magis ardet opes, & non saturatur egestas,
Semper hiat rimis non auro explebile pectus,
Diti inopes voto sunt, crescit census, habendi
Crescit iniquus amor; quantumque accedit ad aurum,
Sacra fames auri, tantum sub viscere glisci,

November, or age farre spent.

While it doth wraſtle with the aged Oake,
& weak'ns its eager ſtrength at every ſtroke:
So doth ambition vex thoſe, who doe flye,
With all their might to ſupreame dignity;
Which when they cannot reach, they breake their ſtrength,
And with their weight, they fall to ground at length,
They ſeeke the honours 'gainſt the Eternall Will
Of Iove. When thunder ſtrikes the higheſt hill,
More ſafely in a cottage you may lurke,
Then in a Pallace curſed treaſon worke,
Better with *Clymene* at home t'abide,
Then *Phœbus* flaming horſes to miſguide;
What greater madneſſe then to tempt the Sunne
With waxen wings, which preſently will runne?
Saile ſoftly; Fortune paſſeth by the ſhores,
Catching the ſhip, which with her ſtreamers ſoares.
O happy mankind, if men once did know
With meane eſtate themſelves content to ſhow!
That life is ſafeſt which doth keepe a meane,
Free from ambition, and from falſhood cleane;
It neither ſtands nor fals at vulgars breath,
Nor feares ambitious *Sejans* curſed death;
Nor *Manlius* fate, who wou'd be Lord of *Rome*,
And from the Capitol had both praiſe and doome.
Some men doe ſeeke with gold, their bagges to fill,
And hoording treaſures, thirſt for treaſures ſtill;
They ſcrape what ever flowes from *Hermus* ſand,
And what the red ſea caſteth forth to land,
They deifie their riches and their ſtore;
The more it is, they ſeeke for more and more;
Their chincky breaſts they cannot fill with gold,
Their hearts deſire their coffers cannot hold:
They covet more, the greater ſtate they have,
And having purchas'd more, ſtill more they crave;

Thou

AVTVMNVS.

November, sive Ætas provectior.

Gentis avaritia humanæ dirissima pestis,
Metropolis scelerum, Gemo quæ dedita Terra,
Negligis æthereas Divini numinis arces;
Indulges tibi dira lues, ut languor aquosus
Accendit potando sitim; tu pluribus aucta
Plura petis bona fortunæ, quæ sordida cura
Accumulat, servatq; timor, perduntq; dolores;
Tesine Cœlestem potuissent ducere vitam
Mortales, qualem felicia sæcula quondam
Degerunt sub patre Iovis, quum sors sua quenq;
Ditabat sine lege bonum, sine fraude beatum.
Sunt & qui solidas inter convivia luces
Consumunt, procereq; gulæ Saliaria mensis,
Fercula dant Siculis, copiuntq; in viscera sylvas,
Et maria, æternoq; lacus, colleq; Falernos,
Invitant Solem, propinant pocula nocti,
Continuantq; dapes redivivæ ad tædia lucis;
Exercere gulas vallatas gloria summa est:
Dicite quos patinæ Æsopi, scitumq; Minervæ,
Pingue juvat, dubia & Cerealis cœna saginat,
Dicite, quò sumptus & tot dispendia rerum,
Mollia nervosas ut frangant ocia vires
Et solvat morbi pituita intercutis artus;
Quid de tot dapibus fiet? sentina cloacæ
Hoc dicat, totos vertit, quæ in stercora census.
Ter felix qui sibi vitæ nephalia servat
Contentus tenui mensâ parvoq; salillo;
Sobria cui exiguam jucundat calda farinam;
Hic lites nescit, nec magnæ est assecla mensæ,
Huic satis parcâ tribuunt quod numina dextrâ,
Nullo pauper eget, nec enim penuria parvi est;
Hic, sibi far modicum, postquam quæsivit aratro,
Ad fluvium cænat, generosi nectaris instar
Haustus aquæ sapit indocto frugiq; palato;

November, or Age farre spent.

ou cursed Plague of mankinde avarice,
thor of woe and Hydra of all vice,
rths Genious thou onely dost adore,
eglecting Heav'n which lasts for evermore;
ou like the dropsie still thy thirst do'st feede,
e more thou drinkest, greater is thy neede,
ith care and feare, the more thou dost possesse,
ith griefe thou thinkest thy riches lesse and lesse,
ere't not for thee, mortals might happie be,
ch as the blessed golden age did see;
ood without feare of Lawes, who still did smile
ontent with ev'ry state, rich without guile.
me love to feast their bellies all the day,
ith *Salian* cates in idlenesse and play;
hey doe devoure whole woods and lakes, and Seas,
nd Falerne mountaines, so their gut to please;
hey feast the Sunne, carowsing to the night,
nd wearie out the next insuing light.
ell me whose glory is onely dainety fare,
ch as *Vitellius*, *Æsops* dishes were;
ell me who *Ceres* doubtfull suppers love,
t last, what doth your waste and charges prove?
hese soft delights doe breake your sinewie strength,
nd dropsie shaketh loose your joynts at length;
hat comes of all your cates? the jakes can tell,
hich turnes your gold into Mephitis smell.
hrice and more happy is the sober man,
ho on a little live contented can;
ike *Heraclitus*, who with meale and water
laintaines the peace, and knowes not how to flatter;
le think't enough, what God doth sparely give,
nd in his meane estate doth richly live:
e doth his bread-corne by the Plough provide,
nd loves to sup hard by the river side:

November, sive Ætas provectior.

Huic mens sicca, tenax recti, moderata, pudica,
Ipsè probus, sceleris purus, sectator honesti,
Integer atque animi fortis, cruduſque vigore
Quales priſca dabat curios caſa ceſp ite tecta
Pugnaces, tenuique beatos ſorte Camillos
Fabricios parvo contentos; qualis aratrum
Serranus liquit proprium, faſceſque recepit;
Felices animæ patriam qui laudè bearunt,
Et ſibi perpetuum fecere in ſæcula nomen!
Miles in adverſas acies qui fortiter audet
Cernere, & hoſtilem dextrâ confundere dextram,
Enſe viam ſternens & multâ cæde decorus,
Defendit, qui marte focos & numinis aras;
Sive opus excubiis tenebras defendere noctis,
Metari ſeu caſtra, ſudum circundare vallo
Agmina, vel duro ſylvas ſuccidere ferro,
Aut per operta ſoli medias emergere in urbes,
Aut liquidos remigi fluvios ſuperare natatu,
Proterere hærentem glaciem, calcare paludes,
Arietibus muros, teſtudine vellere portas;
Pro patriâ eſt huic dulce mori, dum vulnera fronte
Excipit, & primus conſcendit mœnia, vallum
Perrumpit, cuneo ve animæ jam prodigus inſtat.
Ergo ubi jam victos trahit arcta catena duelles,
Ferratique viri currum comitantur, equique,
Bellorum exuviis læti truncique trophæis,
Pugna triumphali legitur quum fortis in arcu,
Inſtauranteque diem feſtis convivia pompis;
Cum populi Pæana canunt, & claſſica diras
Deponunt iras, & Martis gaudia clangunt.
Ipſe viro major dux auro inſignis & Oſtro
Sublimis curru ingreditur, tot millia paſcens
Spectantum, urbis ſcandit cum laude ruinas;
Suprà quò tendat non eſt; eſt culmen honoris,

Unde

November, or age farre spent.

Whose water to his sober pallate tasteth,
Better then Nectar, which the gluttons wasteth;
His minde is constant, chaste, and moderate,
Himselfe is honest, strong, and temperate;
Like *Curij* and *Camilli*, who did dwell
In cottages, whom nothing ere could quell;
Or like *Serranus* who his plough did leave,
That he *Romes* powerfull ensignes might receive;
O happy Soules, who with eternall praise,
Did blesse their Country, and their trophees raise.
The Souldier, who with firy courage stands,
Against the Martiall fierce encountring bands,
Who with his sword makes way, and will not flie,
Maintaining Church, and Countries liberty;
Whether in darkenesse he ly'th centenall,
Or doth entrench his forces with a wall,
Or on a suddaine fell downe talleſt woods,
Or undermine strong Townes, or swim o're floods,
Or breake the ice, search Foordes, assaile the Ports,
Or with fierce warlike engines batter Forts;
He for his Countryes sake, is glad to dye,
And will with honest wounds his courage try,
While first he scales the wall, and thorow runnes,
The Fortlets, fearing neither swords nor gunnes.
So when he leads his captive foes in chaines,
When iron-men, when Horse, and *Mars* his traines
Doe show his spoyles, and with his Trophees march,
The fight is read in the triumphall Arch,
With feasts and shewes, they doe renue the day,
With triumph-songs his glory they display;
Trumpets forgetting ire, sound joy and peace,
He in his chariot rides aloft with grace:
So through the ruine of the wall he goes,
And feeds the eyes of all men with his showes;

November, sive Ætas provectior.

Vnde cadat, graviore ruens in Tartara lapsu,
Sors infida solet lætos fœdare triumphos,
Et dubijs nimium volitat victoria pennis:
Lusce tuis turge quantumvis pœne trophæis,
Et Romæ terrore trementes concute portas;
Metire in modijs equites, & montis aceto
Frange jugum; simulac fallax fortuna reflârit
Bithynio tunc cogeris servire Tyranno,
Et miseram tacito vitam finire veneno.
Hectora priamidem cur cæsum jactat Achilles?
Priamidæ Paridis moritur vindice telo?
Quid juvat incensam vastare Agamemnona Trojam,
Si reduci parat insidias sævissima conjux?
O sors fluxa hominum malè pensas magna ruinis
Nec pateris constare diu mortalia; casu
Omnia sed fluxo, & fatorum turbine versas.
Quòd si summa rotæ teneat fastigia Crœsus,
Mox cadit; & radio victor stat Cyrus in alto,
Impatiens donec Tomyris de sede Tyrannum
Excutit, humano gaudens saturare cruore;
Sic ludens non certa sui fallaxq; clienti
Inconstans Fortuna supremis infima mutas.
Felix qui casus sese componit ad omnes,
In duris sperans meliora hic, inq; secundis
Deteriora timens, medio sic tramite vitam,
Dirigit, ut nullo noceat Rhamnusia vultu.
Firma velut pelagi rupes immobilis hæret
Quadratâ radice sedens, temnitq; procellas
Et concurrentes ad fervidâ prælia ventos;
Fluctus se illidunt scopulis, fractiq; residunt
Impete, & illuso perdunt conamine vires:
Non aliter, quando rerum fremuere tumultus,
Ipse sibi constat sapiens, rideq; timores
Insani vulgi, & torquentia fata fatigat

November, or Age farre ſpent.

Higher he cannot reach, but fall he may,
From top of glory into mire and clay;
Fortune with Triumphs deales unconſtantly,
And victory with doubtfull wings doth flye.
Boaſt of thy triumphs *Hannibal* and tell,
How thou the Ports of *Rome* with feare didſt quell,
Meaſure their Knights in buſhels, mountaines breake
With vineger; when fortune ſhall forſake
Thy ſtandard, thou muſt ſerve a forraigne King,
Till thou at length dy'ſt by thy poyſon'd ring;
Why boaſts *Achilles* that fierce Hector's gone,
If *Paris* ſhall revenge his death anone;
From *Troy* with triumph *Agamemnon* goes,
But (ah) at home he findes his fatall foes.
Inconſtant lot of men, which greateſt things,
To greater downfall and confuſion brings!
If *Cræſus* hold the toppe of Fortunes wheele,
Cyrus anon will cauſe him downeward reele,
Vntill incenſed *Tomyris* doth thruſt
His head in blood, his honour in the duſt;
So fortune conſtant in unconſtancy,
And falſe, thou changeſt loweſt things with high.
Happy is he who ſets himſelfe for all
Chances, who hopes a riſing, feares a fall,
And ſo doth guide his life in all eſtates,
That he nor cares for Fortunes ſmiles nor threats:
Like as a rocke which ſtands with fixed rootes,
At windes and whirling tempeſts ſcoffes and flouts;
They breake themſelves while with impetuous chocke
They daſh and butte againſt th' unmoved rocke;
Even ſo a wiſe man, if a tumult riſe,
Can vulgar feares and levity deſpiſe,
If fates doe croſſe him with an hatefull ire,
Before his patience, their deſpight doth tire.

Novēmber, sive Ætas provectior.

Quod si disruptis rueret compagibus orbis
Machina, non trepidum tumularent rudera mundi.

¶

Da Christe vires, da mihi gratiæ
Virtute, diras ire per hostium
Turmas, & insanas phalangas
Perfidiæ, invidiæ, timoris:
Internus hostis me malè saeviat,
Externus hostis vulnere lancinat,
Quocunque me verto, cruentis
Obsideor Satanæ catervis.
Tu dux, Deus Tu, Tu Dominus mihi
Arx, salus, rupes, præsidium, decus
Tua sub umbra militabo
Nec metuam rabidos duelles.
Donec fugatis liberor hostibus,
Quum tu potenti numine proteres
Gentes rebelles, & superbis
Iniicies manibus catenas.
Quando sonabunt æthere classica
Parebis altis nubibus insidens,
Ad Te vocabis tunc amicos
In patre Cœlituum beatos.
Qualis triumphi tunc facies erit
Quando resurget turba fidelium
Stabuntque cœtus impiorum
Numinis ad superum tribunal.
Agmen malorum sulphureas domos
Intrabit orci, sæcula in omnia
Tormenta passurum Gehennæ
Et tenebras Stygii barathri.
Scandent polorum culmina sed pii
Inter coruscas Seraphici gregis
Turmas, & æterno fruentur
Gloria & imperio, ac honore.

November, or age farre spent.

Nay if the world should fall about his eares,
It would not quell his constant heart with feares.

¶

Grant courage Lord, and by thy saving grace,
Through all mine hostile troupes me safely leade,
Suffer me not to shrinke from ranke and place,
But fight 'gainst treach'ry, envy, feare and dread.
My inward enemy doth my heart assaile,
My outward foe with wounds upon me set,
Goe where I will, my foemen doe prevaile,
With Satans bloody ambush I'me beset.
Thou'rt my Captaine, Thou'rt my God and Lord,
My castle, safety, rocke, defence, and prize
Thy shaddow, safeguard can to me afford,
'Gainst all what ever enemies devise.
Till they be put to rout, and I set free,
Then shalt thou Tyrans to subjection bring
Under thy great Man-person'd Deity,
And with their bands, their rebell neck's shall wring.
When from Heavens corners, trumpets loud shall blow,
When thou O Lord the wicked dost endite,
Thou in the clouds shalt make a glorious show,
And with thy Fathers blessed ones invite.
O what a triumph shall that triumph be,
When godly men shall from their graves arise
Before their Saviour; and impiety
Shall stand before their Judges flaming eyes.
The wicked shall passe to Sulphureous fire,
There tortures to endure without all end,
The flame, the worme, the whips that never tyre,
And to eternall darkenesse be condemn'd.
The godly mount on high with glorious song,
Mongst Seraphims and Cherubims most bright,
With triumph-pomp, convoying Christ along
To enjoy all pleasure, glory in Gods sight.

Friget.

It's cold.

Fruor Paratis.

Injoy my fruites.

HYEMS.

December, sive Senectus.

Pronus ad hirsuti quum Titan cornua capri
Pertigit, australem Cœli relegatus ad aulam,
Incipiunt languere dies, & tristior anni
Apparet vultus, multum mutatus ab illo
Qui primi pictos veris jactabat honores
Lilia purpureis dans intermista rosetis;
Ilicò dimidiæ incipiunt decrescere luces
Ducere & exiguos arcus; longissima noctis
Tempora dant immortales mortalibus umbras;
Frigoribus venti horrescunt, auræque pruinis,
Flumina pigritiæ torpent, & sordibus arva,
Nube riget Cœlum, lacrymarum gurgite stagnat
Telluris gremium, canescit fluctibus æquor
Omniaque inversum contristant luctibus annum:
Obrepit sic tarda homini, tristisque senectus
Innumeris comitata malis, obnoxia morbis,
Estque odiosa sibi, nonnunquam digna cicutis,
Et fragiles cani cycnæis tempora plumis
Cingunt, & niveâ crines aspergine tinguntur
Sæpe velut Boreæ rapidis percussa procellis
Quercus stat foliis jam despoliata caducis,
Corticeque horrescit scabrâ, nec frondibus umbra
Sed trunco reddit: sic nostra malignior ætas
Crine caput spolians, levi ceu pumice calvam
Nudat, & excussis hyemem testuta capillis,
Perdit quos voluit Proserpina tollere crines.
Nunc eboris quid forma juvat candore coruscans
Purpureoque rosæ quondam distincta colore,
Lilia ceu rubris fulgent contexta Amaranthis,
Mæotis aut minio qualis nix certat Hibero,
Nunc abit in rugas macie livente seniles,
Et pallet calido Syri ceu prata vapore

Marcens

WINTER.

December, or old age.

WHen *Phœbus* makes to *Capricorne* retreat,
In Southward declination lessoning heat,
Then days doe languish and the sadder yeare,
Lookes gloomy with his cold and dolefull cheare;
Not like that yeare, which *Flora's* pride did show,
With Roses red, and Lillies white as snow;
The dayes halfe-shortned more and more decrease,
The nights extended and the Light growes lesse;
Then mortals in Cimmerian darkenesse dwell,
The aire with hoare-frost, winds with coldnesse swell;
Rivers are duld with ice, the earth is bound
With cold, and pooles of teares o'reflow the ground;
The Sea lookes gray with waves, and every thing
Doth droope, for absence of the pleasant spring:
So sad and slow, old age on man doth seize,
Fraughted with evils, an Hydra of curst disease,
Lothing it selfe, oft so it hates the day,
That joyfully it makes it selfe away.
Then crasie gray-haires cloathes the head with snow,
And swanlike plumes about the temples grow:
Like as an Oake which *Boreas* bare hath made,
Look's bald, onely its stocke doth cast a shade;
So mans malignant age, with dreary fate,
Doth rob him of his locks, and peele his pate.
Leafs fall, shewes Winter, man is neere to dye,
When age the fatall razor doth supply.
What now availes the Ivory beauties grace,
Which did with Pestane Roses paint the face,
As Amaranths which grow white Lillies by,
Or Thracian snow, which takes vermillion dye,
Now is it plough'd with wrinckles and lookes wan,
And leane, more like a with'red weed then man;

Like

HYEMS.

December, sive Senectus.

Marcent, solstitij geminat quando hora calores,
Ruganturq́ genæ, dependet pro cute pellis.
Lumina nocturnas quondam superantia stellas
Æmula flammivomis Erythræo in littore gemmis,
Occipitis fugiunt cæca, ad penetralia, damni
Sic pudet ipsa sui, tenebræ pro lumine regnant;
Caligant ipsi Soli, senioq́ fatiscunt.
Spina riget laceri protenso tubere dorsi,
Quæq́ humero Pelopis poterant contendere, nutant
Incurvæ in pectus scapulæ, fitq́ ossea imago
Corpus, quod pulchrum sudabat pingue nitorem.
O vecors sine mente Paris! Lacedæmona classe
Cur petis, hospitij rupturus fœdera sacri?
Cur trahis ad Trojæ miseranda incendia Græcas
Non nisi post patriæ redituras funera classes?
Scilicet Argivæ flagrat tibi pectus amore
Tyndaridis, fragiliq́ juvat te gloria formæ?
Aspice sed rugas Hecubæ, maciemq́, situmq́,
Ossa tumore macro crescentia, lumina lemis;
Aspice & illius formæ dispendia, quondam
Quæ Priamo dulces juveni dedit una calores:
Tyndaris illa tuæ nunc unica gaudia mentis,
Post fatum crudele tuum, post fata parentum,
Cognataque neces, incendia, furta, rapinas,
Tandem rugosas scalpet ceu simia buccas,
Dissimilisque sui ad speculi simulacra dolebit.
Quid vires, roburq́ juvant, quæ effœta senectus
Frangit, & enervi labefactat pondere molis?
Sacra Jovi quercus, post quam duo sæcla peregit
Crescens, consistensque ætas, ubi tertia venit
Fataliseque ævi series, radice vacillat
Exesa, nutatq́ auris bacchantibus impar;
Ipse Atlas, humeris qui cœlum & sydera fulsit,
Annorum spatio confectus supposuit, quem

Nox

December, or Old Age.

Like scorched grasse, when *Sirius* heate doth burne,
And into ashes doth earths moysture turne:
His cheekes are hollow, his body looketh thin
In place of muscles hangs a wrinckled skin:
His gemme-like eyes sometime Dames natures pryde
Are dim, and now for shame themselves doe hide,
They scarce can see the Sunne, they're blinde as Moles,
In place of eyes, we see nothing but holes.
His back's a ridged bone, his shoulders bend,
Which sometimes could with *Pelops* well contend;
All feature's gone, his beauties faire and bright
Is made a sceleton and ugly sight.
Mad *Paris*, why to *Sparta* dost thou hye,
To breake the lawes of hospitality?
Why dost thou call the *Grecian* fleete to *Troy*,
Which 'fore it doth returne will it destroy?
Is 't cause thy brest with love is set on fire,
And thou nothing but *Hellen* canst desire?
Looke to thy mothers wrinckles and her face,
Which age and filthy leanneſſe doth disgrace;
Her bleardneſſe and her age thou dost detest
Yet once it kindled fire in *Priams* brest:
Helen thy greatest joy and sole delight,
After thy death and *Iuno's* deadly spight,
After friends slaughters, and thy sisters rape,
Shall scratch her wrinckles like a munckie Ape,
And oft with teares shall blot the looking glasse,
Seeing what she is now, and what she was.
What profits strength, when feeble age doth shrinke,
The body under his owne weight shall sinke,
Ioves sacred oake, whose growing standing age,
Two hundred yeeres hath stood 'gainst Boreas rage,
When the third fatall age is come at last,
It staggers yeelding to the meanest blast:

HYEMS.

Decembēr, sive Senectus.

Nox in se rediens genuit, dum furta tonantis
Optato pulchræ Alcmenes satiantur amores;
Qui didicit portare bovem, totique theatro
Ostentare suas populi ad spectacula vires,
Iam senio gravis, & longævis debilis annis,
Se minor effœtos vidit pendere lacertos,
Ingemuitque, animo non respondere vietos
Cernui; & in terram proni jam corporis artus;
Vt Leo sylvarum quondam formido, senectæ
Ignavæ fractus morbo, vix languida post se
Membra trahens, impunè videt per pascua tauros
Infirmosque errare greges, fame sancius ægrâ,
Sed senio tardus flaccenti debilis alce
Vndique quam spectat, nescit deprendere prædam;
Sic miles quercus quondam decoratus honore,
De victo duxit qui sæpius hoste triumphos
(Qualis ponte stetit Cocles, qualisque Quirinus
Rettulit Acronem Iovis ad delubra Feretri,
Quique ducem potuere sequi Marcellus, & acer
Cossus, victi ores, & opimi gloria Martis)
Iam rude donatus suspensis defidet armis;
classica turmarum rauco quum murmure clanguni,
Tympanaque ingeminant pulsus, hinnitus equorum
Quum fremit, exurgitque minax ad sydera clamor,
Hic sedet immotus, nullóque cientur ab ære
Pectora magnanimos quæ didicere calores.
Navita, Pygmæos legit qui classe penates,
Post cœli, Pontique hyemes, in tuta recedit
Ocia, quum laxis tremuli compagibus artus
Insanos nequeunt pelagi tolerare labores,
Neptuno piceas gaudet suspendere vestes;
Dimaida ut navis rimis atque imbre debiscens
In sicco laceras resupinat littore costas
Iam dudum pertæsa maris; sic tardus & æger

December, or old Age.

Atlas, who did the ſtarry Heaven uphold,
When worne with ſpace of yeares, he waxed old,
He laide his charge *Alcides* necke upon,
Whom Ioue begetting, drove two nights inone:
Milon, who learnd to carry by degrees
A Bull, did weepe to ſee his feeble knees,
When worne with age, his ſinews he did find,
And Limbes not anſwering to his champion minde.
The Lyon, at whoſe noyſe, the woods did quake,
And every beaſt, with dreadfull feare did ſhake,
Now broken with yeares, he ſcarce his taile can drag,
Behind the ſilly flockes he's forc'd to lagge,
He's hunger-bitten, the herds ſecurely play,
He ſees, but cannot catch his wonted prey.
Even ſo the Souldier who did weare a Crowne
Of Oake, and oft triumphed with renowne,
Such as brave *Cocles* for his Country ſtood,
Or *Romulus* ſprinkled with *Acrons* blood,
Or ſtout *Marcellus*, or fierce *Coſſus* which
Did *Iupiter Feretrius* all enrich)
Now free to Mars he hangeth up his armes,
Nor is he ſturred up with fierce alarmes;
When Martiall trumpets ſound, and drummes are beaten,
When horſes neigh, when noyſe the ſtarres doth threaten,
He ſits unmov'd, nothing his courage whets,
His wonted heate and ſpirit he forgets.
The Marriner who ſaild the Pygmies coaſt,
After with many ſtormes he hath beene toſt,
He takes himſelfe to reſt, becauſe he can
Not now endure the raging Ocean;
He hangs his pitchie cloathes on Neptunes ſhrine,
The land both him and ſhip doth now confine,
Both weary of Sea; it rots upon the ſhore,
He lyes at home, cauſe he can ſaile more;

That

December, sive Senectus.

Nauta domi recubat, terræ ut committere possit
Relliquias maris, ac ingratæ tædia vitæ.
Dulce fuit quodcunq; prius defluxit, in imo,
Vltima sola manet fex, & deterrima fundo.
Poscitis O miseri seros cur Nestoris annos
Alterna numerare manu, contendere cervo
Vivaci, & vetulæ cornicis ducere vitam?
Nulla dies mœrore vacat, nec luctibus hora
Vlla caret, crescit cumq; anxietatibus ætas.
Longius in fluctus si quassa carina profundos
Egreditur, diris debet ludibria ventis
Hoc magis, & timor est, repetat ne naufraga littus.
Troile tu felix impubes fortiter annos
Finisti, sero cui non temerata dolore est
Imbellis, tristisq; ætas: si fata dedissent
Hanc infelici Priamo cum conjuge mortem,
Non tot vidisset natorum funera, raptas
Crinibus Iliadas laceris, nec Pergama flammis
Diruta, non vivo maculasset sanguinis aras.
Quid non longævi labefactat temporis ætas?
Pyramides cedunt annis, & Mausolæa,
Destruxit Rhodium curiosa senectus Colossum;
Longa dies minuit vires, fortisque vigorem
Corporis exilem citius perducit ad umbram.
Forma perit; census non ægro in corpore sensus
Instaurat; pereunt Naturæ & munera sortis;
Virtus sola manet, studio quam prima juventus
Quæsivit, tristem consolaturq; senectam;
Hæc præstat miseris jucunda viatica canis,
Vt scintillantes Titanis lumina stellas
Obscurant; virtus tristes sic mole dolores
Opprimit, insanas non passa exire querelas;
Ipsa sibi merces pulcherrima, dignaq; votis
Sola pijs, casu tranquillos reddit in omni.

December, or oldage.

That which the Sea hath left, and stormes and toyle,
He minds to trust it to his Country soyle.
Sweetenesse is gone, nothing but dregs remaine,
The bottome doth both least and worst containe.
Why seeke you wretched men to reckon your dayes
With three ag'd Nestor? as if it were praise,
To live beyond the Stagge, and Crow; no day
Doth want his crosse, each houre which doth delay
Our death, prolongs our misery, our woe
Encreaseth more, the more in age we grow;
The leaking ship, the longer way she makes,
The greater danger still she undertakes;
And if she shall lanch further in the deepe,
No skilfull Art can her from shipwracke keepe.
Thrice happy *Troile* who did bravely dye,
Before thy gray-haires tasted misery;
If destinies had so with Priame delt,
He should not have so grievous sorrowe's felt,
His childrens death, rapes, flames, and clam'rous groanes,
Nor with his blood, have drench'd the Altar stones.
What doth not age consume? The monument
Of *Caria's* gone, the *Pyramids* are spent;
Rhodes great *Colossus* now is turn'd to nought,
And strength of body is to weakenesse brought;
Age lessning vigour turnes man to a ghost,
Who lately did of nerves and sinewes boast.
Beauty decayes, wealth cannot cure disease,
On Natures gifts, consuming age doth seize;
Constant and firme, Vertue remaines alone,
And comforts age, when strength and all are gone,
Gray-haires provision. Like as *Phœbus* bright
Darkneth the Planets with his greater light;
So vertues greatnesse doth all sorrowes quell
And suffers not hearts sad complaints to swell.

It

HYEMS.

December, sive Senectus.

Dira Syracusias quum flamma incenderet arces,
Marcelliq; manus densarent undiq; cædes,
Inter tot fremitus, strepitus, lamenta ruinas,
Inter tot gemitus, planctus, queruloſq; dolores,
Cœli doctè senex animo studiisq; vacabas,
Alcyon veluti mediis securus in undis,
Vix hostile tuo senſisti in pectore ferrum.
O animi dulcis requies, o sola voluptas
Virtus! Tu tollis humanæ incommoda vitæ,
Damna senectutis minuis, mulceſq; dolores,
Lætitiam, quamvis miseris, mortalibus adfers.

¶

Horrida cycnæi vallant mihi tempora cani,
Teſtanturq; hyemis tempus adeſſe nives.
Luxq; maligna meas obfuscat nube feneſtras,
Attritu dentes consenuere molæ.
Corporis & fractæ incipiunt nutare columnæ,
Ac labat infirmâ mole caduca domus.
Iam tristes adfert morbos curiosa Senectus,
Debilis enervat languida membra stupor.
Quicquid dulce fuit perijt; mihi gaudia vitæ
Si qua fuere meæ, jam meminiſſe grave eſt.
Mœſtaq; pallentes Lethes mens somniat umbras
Occurſatq; oculis mortis imago meis.
Impia dum vecolo lascivæ facta juventæ,
Concidit ad gemitus mœſta senecta graves.
Picta velut nubes juventis gloria fugit;
Iris uti, in lacrymas vita soluta fluit.
O clemens ignoſce pater, damnumq; senectæ
Salvifica reparet gratia sancta fide.
Spiritus Ætherius inſtauret pectore senſus,
Vt solum sapiat mens animusq; polum.
Detq; mihi noxæ tecmeria certa remiſſæ,
Cedat & æterni fœderis arrha mihi:

Si

December, or Old Age.

It doth content it selfe, its owne reward
In greatest danger, still the safest guard.
When flames did *Syracuses* Castles burne,
When Roman forces did them overturne;
Mongst slaughters, clamours, ruines, deadly noyse,
Thou *Archimedes* onely didst rejoyce;
Alcyon-like in trouble thou hadst rest,
And scarsely felt the sword thrust in thy brest.
O happy rest of minde, O onely pleasure,
Comfort of age, mans blest and onely treasure,
Thou lessnest woe, nothing can thee annoy,
In midst of misery, thou affordest joy.

¶

Gray hayres encompasse now my head, snowes
Tell me that Boreas blowes.
A foggy dimmenesse doth my eyes assaile,
My grinders gin to faile.
My staggering pillars cannot stand at all,
My house is neere to fall.
Old age brings with it sickneesse and disease,
My limbes seeke sluggish ease.
All pleasure's gone, it doth me sore annoy,
To thinke of youths delight and former joy.
My mind doth dreame of Ghostes, before mine eyes
Deaths image still doth rise.
When errours of my youth I call to mind,
Old age doth sorrow finde.
Youths glory like the rainebowes painted spheres,
Doth vanish into teares.
O Father pardon and with saving faith,
Repaire what losse age hath.
Let thy good spirit quicken thy grace in me,
That Heav'n my thought, my hearts desire may be.

HYEMS.

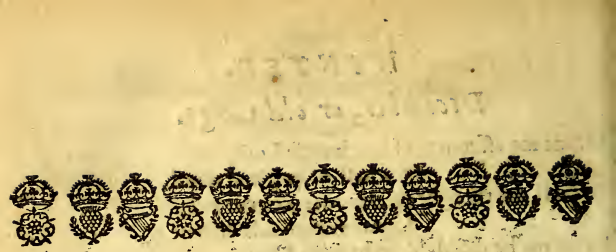
Dēcember, sive Senectus.

Sic ego Cœlestis patriæ oblectabor amore,
Hoc mihi lenimen dulce doloris erit.
Sic cupiam gratâ dissolvi morte, parentem
Christe, tuum ut possim cernere, Christe, meum.
Empyreas æterna tuas ubi pax colit arces,
Gaudiaque in nullos interitura dies.
Spectabitque fides, quæ credidit, & potietur
Spes voto, Cœli regna tenebit amor.

Ianuarius

December, or old Age.

Grant me assurance of forgiwneſſe Lord,
Earneſt of ſprit and word.
So ſhall the thought of Heavens eternall reſt,
Comfort my ſoule diſtreſt.
So let me be diſſolv'd, to be with Thee,
Our Father, Lord, to ſee,
Where bleſſed peace, eternall joy doth dwell,
Which no time e're can quell.
Where faith doth ſight, and hope doth wiſh obtaine,
Where endleſſe love for evermore ſhall raigne.



I *Am* Aquarius, *now is my turne,*
To throw forth balefull floods out of mine urne:
Spring wher's thy dreſſe? Summer thy fragrant flowers?
Autumne thy pleaſant fruits? loe here's my ſhowers.
What ever pleaſure in the world was found,
By this my fatall deluge now is drown'd.
¶ When men a Noah *ſo long preaching heare,*
Let ev'ry one take heede and ſtand in feare.

Cavete.

Take heed.

HYEMS.

Ianuarius sive Mors.

Tristis ubi inversam profundit aquarius urnam,
Iupiter & gelido descendit plurimus imbre,
Ac nebulis urget mundum, brumamque flagellat
Stridula tempestas, & Cœli grando sonora;
Omnia tunc refugo in terram stant marcida succo,
Exanimata gelu moriuntur semina vitæ,
Si qua manent, imæ tumulantur viscere terræ;
Mole gemunt nivium saltus, lacerisque rigescit
Ramis, & rupto macrescit cortice sylvas
Stant & aquæ passim glaciali compede vinctæ,
Immensosque lacus capuli crystallina condit
Arca, natant vivi torpenti in flumine pisces;
Terra sepulta jacet nivibus, torpedine tacti
Frigoris, exangues perdunt sua gramina campi:
Ætatis desævit hyems, quum incurva vacillat
Vixque effœta levi sustentat membra bacillo.
Se minor est homo majus onus, quum cernuus ægrum
Obstipat caput in silices, capularis ad orcum
Festinat pedibus trinis, sed gressibus impar
Inque potens ruit in præceps, inopina Charontis
Ad ferrugineam dum fertur sarcina cymbam.
Nascendi lex certa, via est mortalibus una
In lucem, sed mille patent ad funera portæ.
Parcæ molle secant primi lanugine stamen,
Et quod rugosa carie, canisque rigescit;
Persophonæ fugit nullum non Proteus ora
Tot poterat mutare, vices variare quot illas
Sævior in quosdam tormenta excogitat, arma
Carnificis, clavos, uncos, cuneosque trabales;
Mitior est aliis, sensimque in corpore vires
Et fibras minuit, frangitque ætate cicadas.
Innumeros fati casus, discrimina mille

Morborum

WINTER.

Ianuary, or Death.

When cold *Aquarius* empties all his paile,
And *Iupiter* with clouds the world doth vaile,
When noysing tempest jerks the winter sky,
And crackling haile, along the aire doth flye,
Then to earths bowels Plants do send their juice,
And every thing benummed stands with ice;
If any seeds of life are to be found,
They lye entombed in the frosty ground;
The groaning woods, their burthens cannot beare,
Which from the stocke the boughs and barke doe teare,
With icy setters rivers fast are bound,
And in a Crystall coffing Lakes are found,
Live fishes in dead waters swimme, and cold,
Cramplike, the earth doth with Convulsion hold:
Mans winter is, when he hath waxed old,
And with his staffe, can scarce himselfe uphold;
The lesse he growes, the heavier he him finds,
And stooping downe, nothing but grave he minds,
Thither he hastning with three feete, cannot
Make good his pace, and fals in Charons boat.
We know our birth; there's one way to this light,
But more then th ousand wayes to fatall night;
The destinies doe cut the threed new spunne,
As well as that, which wearing hath undone.
Death misseth none, and Proteus could not take
More shapes, then she strange kinds of death can make;
To some more cruell torments she invents,
Gibbet and Racke, which naturall death prevents;
To some more meeke, them softly she outweares,
Substracting life, by multiplying yeares;
What man can tell the many thousand kindes
Of strange diseases, which for man she findes?

Sunne

HYEMS.

Ianuarius, sive Mors.

Morborum, & diras febrium numerare cohortes
Quis valeat? non tot volitant sub sydere claro
Corpora quæ fallunt oculos sine lumine solis,
Quot mala versutæ comitantur stamina parcæ;
Quilibet unius fruitur qui munere vitæ
Mille modis pereat; tot non arteria motus,
Febriculosa ciet, quot mors dare vulnera possit;
Sive placet macie gracilenti corporis artus,
Liqui, cera fluit lentis ceu saucia flammis,
Seu calor exurit, mergit seu nimius humor
Et rumpunt elementa fidem; seu dira synanche
Et tonsillarum vis flammea fauce tumescunt;
Seu capitis dolor affligit, cephalæaq; rumpens
Tempora, quæq; oculos tendit catalepsis hiantes;
Sive veternosi tabes lethargica somni
Enervat, saltusq; rotans vertigine corpus,
Et morbus rigidos convellens spasmate nervos;
Sive cutem scabris maculis elephantia pingit,
Seu nitet hæc multùm distenta intercute lymphâ;
Seu phagedena nocet, sive orthopnœa meatum
Non facilem præbet vitalis follibus auræ,
Seu papulis turgens boa: Mors est gnara nocendi
Mille artes docta, & fraudum studiosa novarum.
Sed gravior nullus quam Cœli morbus, & æthræ
Exitiosa lues, populatrix unica mundi;
Flumina Letheis quum currunt languida lymphis,
Et gravidæ letho nubes fatale venenum
Diffundunt, patuliq; meat mors faucibus oris;
Nectareo prorore greges aconita trilinguis
Dira ferè lambunt, stant lurida pabula tabo;
Inq; homines sævire solet crudelius (ebeu)
Vidimus, & tanti fuimus pars magna doloris;
Quum sæpe & subitò Angligenas grassata per oras
Noluit hæc populum decimare; sed undiq; totos

Viribus

Ianuary, or Death.

Sunne never ſo many Atomes fly,
As fates have wayes for our Mortality;
We have one life, we may a thouſand wayes
Loſe it; each ſtroke of pulſe can end our dayes.
Whether conſumption us extenuate,
As waxe with lingring fire is macerate,
Or too much heate or moyſture doth us quell,
Or ſquincie inflames the jawes and makes them ſwell;
Or aches, meegrimes, head-tormenting paine,
And ſtaring catalepſis from the braine;
Or a continuall ſleepe of lethargie,
Or giddy ſhaking of ſome Artery;
Or ſtrong Convulſion fits of crampe or goute,
Or leproſie which paints the skinne without;
And deadly water which puffes up the skin,
Thirſting the more, the more it ſwilleth in:
Or running cancer uſher us to death,
Or vitall bellowes ſcarce afford us breath;
Or poxe or meaſles; cunning death doth know
A thouſand trickes mans life to overthrow,
But none more grievous than infectious ayre,
Which lyeth waſte this Fabricke every where;
Then fainting brookes with Lethes ſtreames doe flow,
Clouds big with death abroad doe poyſon blow;
When men and beaſts mortality doe breath,
And beaſts for dew, from graſſe doe licke their death:
Heav'n raines infection, ſuddaine death doth fall
Like Manna, meat's made poyſon, honey gall.
It rageth moſt 'gainſt men, as we have ſeene,
Who of this evill partakers late have beene;
When raging in this land both night and day,
It did not tithe, but ſweepe who'e townes away;
As thou (alaſſe) faire London well canſt tell,
How thou *Thames* river with thy teares didſt ſwell;

They

Ianuarius sive Mors.

Urbibus exhaustos leto vastare penates.
Londinum quoties Tamisinas fletibus undas
Auxisti, dicant, quos vix dum cymba Charontis
Transmisit, manesque tui, quos vix capit Orcus?
Morte gravi gravior pestis, teterrima lethi
Est facies, pigris sordent languoribus artus,
Lumina stant flammis, exardent ora rubore,
Corporis inque arcem scandit vapor igneus, artus
Pascitur, & crescit flammis torrentibus herpes;
Inde stupore rigent oculi, de naribus ater
Sanguinis it rivus, resonant tinnitibus aures,
Ilia singultu tenduntur, surgit ab alto
Spiritus, arcano gemitu, gravis; aspera clausas
Lingua premit fauces, sitis insatiabilis urget,
Amplexuque crebro torpentia saxa fatigant,
Et gelidos poscunt fontes, custode remoto;
Liventes papulæ dant sparso in corpore nævos,
Et maculæ narrant disrumpi stamina vitæ.
Huic genus omne mali cedit mortalibus ægris
Quod Pandora dedit; vis morbi haud tristior ulla est.
Non tantùm nocuit gravis amphisbæna veneno,
Non tantùm ammodites flavis agnatus arenis,
Vipera, nec scytale vario quæ tergore fallit,
Non salamandra gravis, sitiensque in flumine dipsas,
Non seps tabificus, non tristi Scorpio caudâ,
Frigidus aut Bufo, non sulcans arva pareas,
Non aspis, diroque necas qui regule visu.
O superi! procul a nostris hæc exulet oris;
Ut liceat patribus natorum claudere ocellos,
Et natis gelidas animas haurire parentum.
Æquora quot vasto mergunt in gurgite, Martis
Quot furor exitio dedit, & vesana cupido,
Et malesanus amor, visque implacabilis iræ?
O fragilis vita, o incerta, o fluxa, caduca,

Innumeris

They could declare, whom sepulchers cannot
Containe, nor yet have past in Charons boat;
The Plague more grievous is then death, no wits
Can ere devise more fearefull lookes and fits;
A heavy languor doth their spirits tire,
Their eyes with flames, their faces burne with fire;
A scorching vapour doth their head possesse;
The sore bursts forth; their eyes with stupidnesse
Doe stare; their nostrils drop with filthy gore;
Their eares doe tingle, and their griefe is more:
Their bowels like to burst with sighes and mones,
Draw from their inward parts most grievous grones,
Their tongues swell in their throates, and thirst them kils,
They grasp cold stones, when they have their wils:
Blacke wheales arising give a certaine token,
That now their fatall threed of life is broken.
No mortall evill like this Pandora brought,
Nor such disease stepmother Nature wrought:
The double-headed serpent with his sting,
Nor sandy viper, can such venime bring,
Nor Scytale, whose back's like gliftring gold,
Nor thirsty Snake, nor Salamander cold,
Nor rotting Horne-worne, nor the Scorpions taile,
Nor Toade, nor wide-mouth'd serpent so prevaile,
Nor Africks Aspe nor Basiliske, who sees
Afarre and kils with poyson of his eyes,
Good God, doe banish such a curse away,
That friends, their friends in sicknesse comfort may.
How many in the Oceans bottome lye,
Or else by love, or warres revenge, doe dye?
O brittle, fraile, uncertaine life, undone
By thousand evils, and yet not match to one!
Shall fury of Heavn, of Sea, and Land this blow,
And winds concurre a bubble to o'rethrow.

So

HYEMS.

Ianuarius, sive Mors.

Innumeris obsessa malis, impar tamen unì!
Siccine ventorum concurrunt agmina, bullam
Vt frangant Cœlij, salij, solij furores
Ergo anima hospitio quum corporis exulat, arces
Empyreas repetit, patriumq; invisit Olympum,
Felix post tantos vitæ, viæque labores,
Optatos Cœli poterit quæ intrare penates,
Æternâque frui requie, clarisque triumphis:
Felix incertæ post tot discrimina sortis,
Contigit Ætherio cui jam requiescere porta.
Interea corpus varij ludibria casus,
Præda jacet crudæ sylvæ, aut sublime putrescens
Dat corvis, cœloque dapes; quot gurgite vasto
Corpora dant avidis inopinum piscibus escam?
Pauca suæ matris redeunt in viscera terræ,
Imponuntque regis clamata cadavera, paucos
Præfica deflet anus, lugubris vel nænia pompæ,
Quèis ante ora patrum, natorum, uxoris, amici,
Contigit oppetere, & tapulo mutare penates.
Sic animæ postquam discessus solverit artus
In luti deforme Chaos: non frigidiora
Membra jacent, quam friget amor lugentis amici,
Uxorisque novos meditantis tunc hymeneos.
Sollicitat luctum, pulliſque nitoribus hæres
Gaudia personat, dum toto lætior esse
Naturam beat & partas, quòd tanta parentis
Funera solentur loculi, solentur & arcæ,
Lenius & plenâ suspiret planctus in aulâ.
Sic ubi, quicunque est hæres (hæc sunt mea) dixit,
Defunctus proprios jussus mutare penates
Effertur, foribus quia non pedes ocyus exit:
Agmina amicorum stipant ex ordine longo,
Arma viri claris portant spectanda trophæis,
Mœstitiamque tubæ fingunt, fullataque turba

Ianuary, or Death.

So when the soule the body doth forsake
And can it selfe to fyrie heav'n betake,
Happy that after labours it can goe
To Heav'ns eternall mansions from below.
T' enjoy the pleasures of eternall rest,
With triumphs 'mongst the Angels to be blest;
Happy who after so uncertaine chance
Can safely to the haven of Heav'ns advance.
Perhaps the body hath become a prey
To beasts, or in the ayre doth rot away,
Or feedes the vultures, or by cruell fate,
To greedy fishes hath become a bate:
Few to their mothers belly doe returne,
And few are layd on sav'ry piles to burne,
For whom old women sing a mourning song;
None besides those, who dye their friends among,
Whose kinsmen deere their dying eyes doe shut,
And from their beds them in a coffing put.
So when the soule hath parted cleane away
And left the body like a lumpe of clay:
The carcase is not colder then the love
Of wife and friends, who doe unconstant prove.
The heire in mourning weedes lookes very fine,
He maskes his joy, and thankes the fates divine,
And nature, that his gray-hayr'd father's gone,
And he of all his bagges left heire alone:
He joyes to see the treasures newly found,
The more he sees, his sighes more softly sound:
The dead is sacrificed on the shrine,
Of *Proserpine*, the heire sayes, *All is mine*:
And 'cause he cannot goe, he's caried forth
Accompany'd with all his friends of worth;
His trophees flye abroad, and martiall armes,
And warlike trumpets whisper sad alarmes.

Hyr'd

HYEMS.

Ianuarius sive Mors.

Vitæ annos numerat; prælustris it undique pompa;
Sed postquam ventum est ad tetra palatia mortis,
Ingluviemque Orci, & putres telluris hiatus
Initiciunt nudum capulum: deque agmine tanto
Non est, cum veteri qui nunc inhumetur amico,
Discedunt omnes, solus jacet ille sepulchro,
Ve mihi sceva, chaos capuli putre, fabula vulgi.

Opere

Ianuary, or Death.

Hyr'd mourners shew his yeeres, the pompe so brave;
Convoy him to his cold and sad like grave:
But when they come to deaths pale habitation
And see the pit which gapes with desolation,
They throw the naked coffing in; of all
His friends, not one for love will with him fall:
All gets them gone, he still alone doth lye,
Rottennesse, wormes bate, tale of mortality.

Ianuarius sive Mors.

¶

Operæ precium hic videbatur cycnæum illud carmen poetæ quidem clarissimi, sed anonymi, latinitate donare, quod homines mortalitatis suæ non insuaviter moneat.

Qualis Pestanæ pubes Alabandica florae,
Qualis & arboreæ gloria prima comæ,
Quale decus florum verno sub tempore ridet,
Quale nitet primo mane serena dies,
Quale jubar rutilans, qualisque evanida nubes,
Qualis Amathidæ roscida scena fuit,
Talis homo, cujus fatalia stamina vitæ
Net simul, & diro pollice parca secat:
Spina rosæ superest, funduntur ab arbore flores
Herba perit, parvo tempore mane fugit,
Occiduum jubar est, nubis prætervolat umbra,
Scena repente cadit, vita caduca perit.

Qualia stant teneris nascentia gramina campis,
Qualis & in vanum fabula cœpta jocum,
Qualis avis sylvæ nullæ quæ sede moratur,
Qualis & in pratis pendula roris onyx,
Qualis & est horæ, spithamæ dimensio qualis,
Quale solet carmen fundere tristis olor:
Talis homo, cujus non certo obnoxia fato
Tempora, & Iliacis accumulata malis:
Gramina flaccescunt, properum dat fabula finem,
Avolat hinc volucris, ros & in alta micat,
Hora brevis, spithamæ non est dimensio longa,
Ut moriturus olor, sic moriturus homo.

Qualis bulla natat tremuli prurigine rivi,
Qualis & in speculo levis imago nitet,

Qualis

HYEMS.

Ianuarius, sive Mors.

Qualis Arachnæam telam percurrit arundo,
Qualis arenoso littera scripta solo.
Qualis & est nictus mentis, vel fictile somni,
Quale fluit murmur desilientis aquæ;
Talis homo duris debens ludibria parcis.
Errat & instabiles ità redita vices;
Bulla crepat, levis speculi disparet imago,
Torquetur pectien, cæca litura perit,
Excidit ex animo sensus, de lumine somnus,
Et tanquam rivi murmure vita fluit.

Quales decurrunt fluvij torrentibus undis,
Qualis & a Parthi missa sagitta manu,
Qualis equi cursus, superat qualis pila metam,
Qualis & e diti sportula missa domo,
Quales non certo cursu stant æquoris æstus,
Qualis Arachnæi pendula tela laris:
Talis homo vitæ medijs jactatus in undis,
Nulla cui mentis gaudia, nulla quies;
Missile abit telum, reduces sunt æquoris æstus,
Nulla mora est cursu, ruptaq; tela cadit,
Emicat ad metam pila, mox est sportula nulla,
Sic repetens manes est modò nullus homo.

Quale coruscanti descendit ab Æthere fulgur,
Angarus ad Dominum quale capessit iter
Quales sunt cantus pausæ numeriq; minores,
Aut via per tridui continuata moras,
Liquitur æstivo qualis nix saucia sole,
Quale pyrum præcox, qualia pruna cadunt:
Talis & accumulat fatali lege dolores,
Et subit hanc lucem cras moriturus homo;
Vanescit fulgur, festinat nuncius, omnem
Pausa rapit cantus, & via parva moram,

HYEMS.

Ianuarius, sive Mors.

Et pyra putrescunt, funduntur pruna, liquescit
Nix, tandem quicquid vixit in orbe, perit.

Resurrectio.

Qualia fragiferis concredita semina sulcis,
Quale n Marthiden ceperat urna putris,
Qualis mortifero Tabitha opp essa sopore,
Qualis, qui ceti viva saburra fuit,
Qualia lucifugæ scintillant sydera noctis,
Et condunt vultus adveniente die.
Talis & Humanæ condit mors lumina vitæ;
Morte tamen victâ fit redivivus Homo.
Semina vivescunt, Marthides surgit ab urnâ,
Fit Tabitha vigil, bellua reddit onus,
Nox fugit, & stellæ subeunt mox gaudia lucis,
Atque Homo post fatum triste superstes ovat.

MEn, beasts and birds, mountaines, and castles hye
Like fishes in oblivion drowned lye;
The seas and floods prevaile, and all is gone,
Deucalion *and* Pyrra, *are left alone;*
The faire, the pleasant, fruitfull yeare is past,
And Consummatum *now hath com'd at last.*
¶ *As in the seas, the life, there fishes have,*
So shall we take our being from the grave.

Resurgent.

All shall arise.

Februarius, sive Mortuorum Februa.

Epitaphium *Adami* primi humani generis conditoris.

HVmani generis pater, immortalis in horam,
Mox mihi, mox cunctis mortis origo fui.
Solus ego vixi felix, consorte beatus
Postquam felici, factus uterq; miser.
Primus peccavi, non solus; nam mea proles
In me peccavit, debet & illa mori.
Gratia divinæ mihi primo missa salutis,
Vtq; ego, sic proles hanc habitura fide est.

Methushalami omnium, qui vixerunt, maxime longævi.

ILle Ego sum longæ monstrum admirabile vitæ,
Ævi non numerent acta minuta mei.
Si mare clepsydræ vitreo sit carcere clausum,
Non satis est horis gurgitis unda meis,
Tot maris immensi non surgunt turbine fluctus,
Quot vidi Eoo surgere ab axe dies.
Sæpius ardenti vidi sub Sole recentes
Phœnices nidis exiluisse suis.
Et soboles Quercus, & quæ nascuntur ab illis,
Nostrorum annorum consenuere moris,
Crediderat non posse mori me, vellet at aurem
Sera licet, dicens parca, necessi mori est.
Hoc me solatur, fuerit quò longior ætas,
Hòc brevior mortis posta somnus erit.

Abrahami

February, or Epitaphs, which may be termed Februa, *celebrated for the memory of certaine soules.*

Epitaph of Adam *the first father of mankind.*

First of mankind, made by power divine,
Immortall once, brought death on me and mine.
Alone I stood, but marryed, I became
Curſed, as likewiſe curſed was my dame.
I ſinned firſt, but not alone, my brood
Were one with me, whether I fell or ſtood.
Salvation firſt was preacht to me, as I
By faith, ſo may my off-ſpring come thereby.

Of Methuſalem *the longeſt liver of mankind.*

Me he, whom all for age doe wonder at,
Whoſe minutes fixed ſtarres ſcarce calculate:
If of the ſea, an houre glaſſe you ſhould make,
Each houre of mine each drop of ſea could take;
How many waves in Sea can you deviſe,
As I have ſeene Sunnes from the Sea ariſe?
Oftner than once the Phenix I have knowne,
From ſpycie cradles freſhly to have flowne:
Oakes and their off-ſprings off-ſpring I did ſee
Decay'd with fatall yeeres antiquity:
I thought I could not dye; but death me told,
That dye I muſt, though I were ne're ſo old:
This comforts me, the longer I did live,
The fates the ſhorter ſleepe of death ſhall give.

Of

Februarius, sive Mortuorum Februa.

Abrahami patris fidelium.

Quum spes nulla foret prolis, rugosaque conjux
Rideret Domini fœdera læta sui.
Ecce statim pulchrâ fecit me prole parentem,
Et quia crediderâm me fore, factus eram.
Ille puer magnæ fuerat spes unica gentis,
Quæ Cœli stellis æquiparanda foret,
Sed mactare Deus jussit, quod strenuus egi:
Velle meum Dominus credidit esse satis.
Illa fides mihi vera fuit, me natum habiturum
Credere, & hoc cæso, me tamen esse patrem.
Uno sic nato, gemino sed nomine factus
Sanctorumque parens, Isacidumque pater.
Utque ego, sic soboles terræ perigrina per oras
Errat, & est patriam mox habitura polum.

Samsoni fortissimi Israelitarum ducis.

Nazarita Deo sacer ipso a semine patris,
Abstemiâ natus de genetrice fui.
Isacidûm fulmen gentis, vindexque duellûm:
Nostra Palæstinos perdidit ira duces.
Quod sensere gravi rivales clade perempti,
Et quæ vulpinâ fraude cremata seges.
Quosque asini casu gingiva oblata cecidit,
Sedarunt tujus pocula mira sitim.
Quasque tuli, mea sunt testatæ robora portæ,
Et quæ disrupi fortia vincla manu.
Sed tamen has vires vicit muliercula fraude;
Illius atque auri robora victa dolis.

David

February, or Epitaphs on the dead.

Of Abraham, the Father of the Faithfull.

WHen hope of issue now was all forlorne,
And *Sara* laughed God of Heaven to scorne,
She straight brought forth, and me a Father made,
Cause I beleeved what Almighty said;
The child the hope was of posterity,
Which to the starres of Heav'n should equall be;
God bid me sacrifice this onely Sonne,
My will h' accepted, as it had beene done.
Tell me, was not this constant faith in me,
To looke for fruites and yet to burne the tree?
So by one Sonne, I was made father then
Of *Israel*, and of all faithfull men:
As I, so shall my off-spring travlers be
On earth, untill their Country Heav'n they see.

Of Sampson the strongest judge of Israel.

A *Nazarite* from the wombe, God did me call,
My mother did not taste of wine at all;
The Mighty Iudge of *Israel*, and the fell
Revenge of *Philistimes*, as well could tell,
My rivales, whom I quickely did confound,
The Corne which firy foxes burnt on ground,
Those whom I kild with jawbone of an asse,
Which in my deadly thirst my fountaine was:
So *Gaza's* gates my strength did testify,
The withes, ropes, web, which I broke easily;
Yet all this strength a silly woman could
Vndoe, seduced with foes-briding gold.

Of

HYEMS.

Februarius sive Mortuorum Februa.

Davidis Sanctissimi Israelitarum Regis.

ILle ego qui quondam plectro modulatus & ore
Carmina grata mihi, carmina grata Deo.
Arcâ qui coram, populo spectante choragus
Ludibrium Michalæ, præ pietate, fui.
Barbitos, atq; lyræ concentus, nablia, lucis
Gaudia, cui mediæ gaudia noctis erant.
Interdum rivis lacrymarum strata rigavi,
Et cinere, atq; situ diriguere genæ.
Scilicet humanis ut rebus, tristitia lætis
Miscentur, sic sunt in pietate vices.
Nam modò tranquillas perfundunt gaudia mentes,
Totaq; sunt nostro pectora plena Deo.
Et modo Cimmerijs merguntur corda tenebris,
Inq; animis visus nullus adesse Deus.
Ne desponde animum, Cœli qui numen adoras,
Difficiles, faciles experiere vices.

Absalomi Israelitarum pulcherrimi.

DAvidide Isacidas inter pulcherrime natos,
Oris tam pulchri gloria vana fuit.
Comptaq; Cæsaries promisso crine decora,
Lumina, quæ clarum ceu nituere jubar,
Florentesq; genæ, minioq; rubentia labra,
Quales condecorant lilia pulchra rosæ,
Threicias quæ colla nives, humeriq; Elephantum
Vincebant, juvit nil juvenile decus,
Brachia candidulis multùm formosa lacertis,
Corporis & facies immaculata tui.
Quum tua probroso sordescat crimine fama,
Sordeat & nomen tempus in omne tuum.
Mentis erat virtus, pietasq; petenda; sine illâ
Forma bonum fragile est, & nisi fucus inest.

Salomonis

February or Epitaphs on the dead.

Of David *the most holy King of* Israel.

I The sweete singer once in *Israel*
Who lov'd these songs, which lik'd Almighty well,
Who danc'd before the Arke in peoples sight,
Accounted therefore by my *Michal* light:
I made Harpe, Timbrell, Lute, my whole delight,
Heav'ns harmony, my joy both day and night;
Yet sometimes on my couch these joyes did turne,
In floods of teares, and I did sadly mourne:
As in all things, so in the godly heart
Sorrow and joy by course doe play their part;
Sometimes the heart is calme and sweetely still,
When God the soule doth with his presence fill;
Sometimes in deadly sorrow it is drown'd,
And then no gracious presence can be found.
Be not cast downe good soule, how e're it goe;
If thou be sad, it shall not still be so.

Of Absalom *the faireſt of* Israel.

THou *Absalom* great *Israels* beauty rare.
What did availe thy shape, and feature faire,
What profit made thy lockes and weighty haire,
Thy eyes with which the starres could well compare;
Thy comely cheekes, thy lips vermilion red,
As lillies doe decore the roses bed,
Thy ivory shoulders and thy snow-white necke,
Thy youthfull grace which did thy body decke;
Thy dainty armes with their embracements sweete,
Thy body without blemish all compleat?
If now reprochfull vice doth brand thy fame,
And leudnesse of thy life disgrace thy name.
The vertue of the mind thou shouldst have sought,
For beauty, without that, is painting thought.

HYEMS.

Februarius, sive Mortuorum Februa.

Salomonis sapientissimi & ditissimi *Israelitarum* Regis.

ILLe ego sum Salomon, *cujus sapientia metam,*
Divitiæ cujus non habuere modum.
Omnia qui nôram, cedrosque, hederasque sequaces,
Saxorum argenti copia adinstar erat.
Orbis & extremis mea fama vocavit ab oris
Reginam, testis quæ foret ipsa mei.
Venit, me vidit, suspexit, deinde beavit
Turbam quæ mensæ tunc famulata meæ est.
Omnia quæ humanæ poterant contingere sortis;
Nostra fuere: decus, gloria, splendor, opes.
Omnia at inveni, quæ sublunaria, vana,
Vota hominum sensi fluxa, caduca, nihil.

FINIS.

WINTER.

February, or Epitaphs on the dead.

Of Solomon *the wiſeſt and richeſt King of* Iſrael.

I Once the *Solomon*, who did excell
In wit, in riches had no paralell,
Who did from Cedars to the Ivy know,
Whoſe plenteous ſilver did like ſlaiteſtones goe,
Whoſe glorious fame a Queene brought from the South,
That ſhe a witneſſe might be of the truth.
She came, and ſaw, and wonderd, and did ſay,
That thoſe were happy, who did with me ſtay,
I had alone, which all their owne doe call,
Riches, and honour, pleaſure, I had all:
Yet I did find all under Sunne to be
Mortall, fraile, brittle, and but vanity.

Οὐδὲν ἄτερ τοῦ θεοῦ.

FINIS.

Imprimatur Tho. Wykes R. P.
Epiſc. Lond. Cap. domeſt.

Feb. 15. 1637.

14.a